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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Have Troops, Will Travel: Dag

RICHARD WHALEN

Grand Guignol

AN EDITORIAL

Three Gentlemen in Spain

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Articles and Reviews by · WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE · RUSSELL KIRK · KARL A. WITTFOGEL
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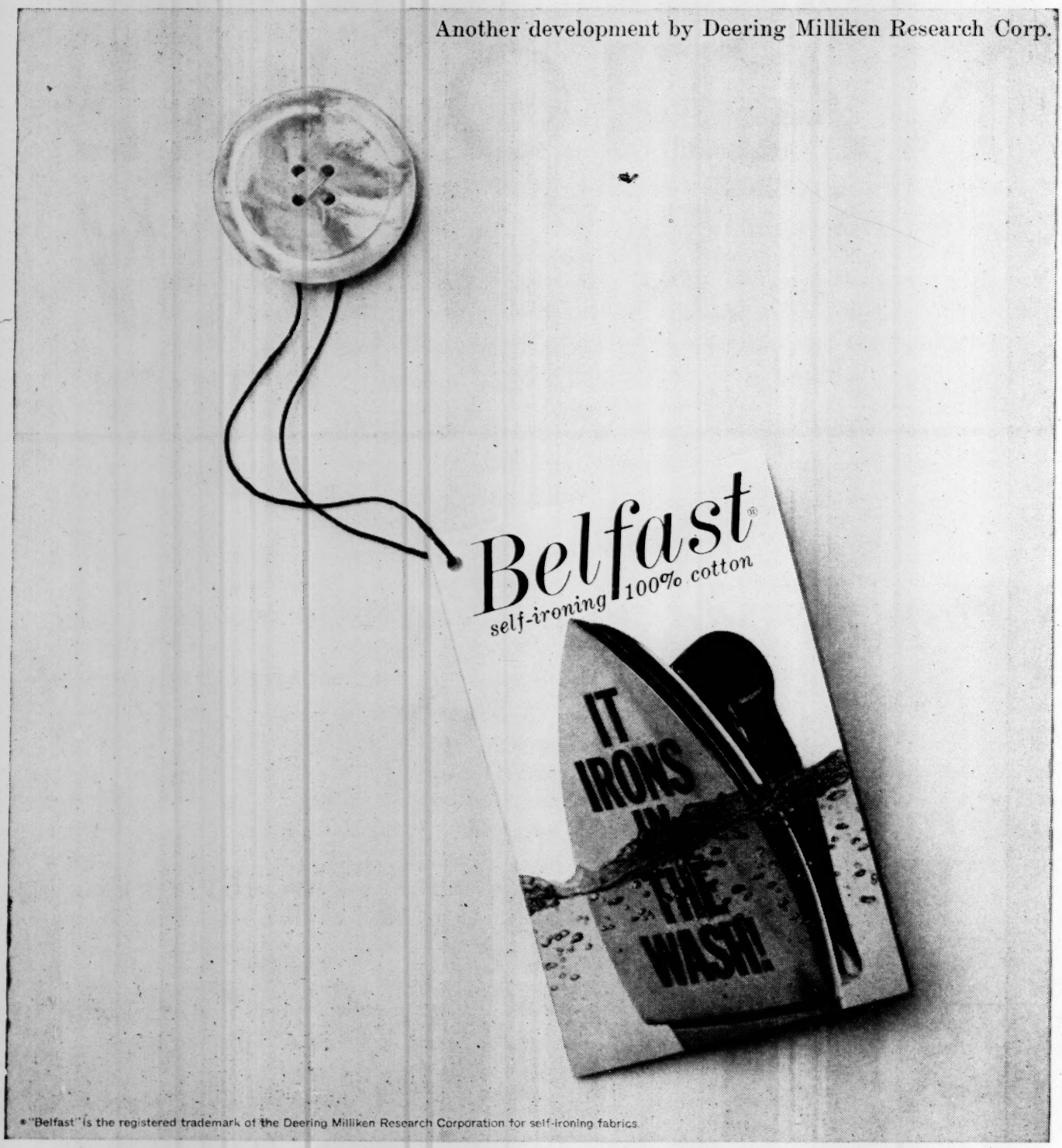

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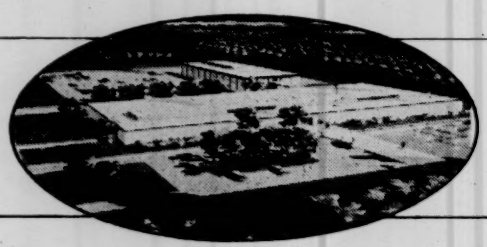

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue

• • • we feature an analysis of the growth of the power of Dag Hammarskjold. It was always clear that the United Nations would become pretty much what its principal officials made it (subject to Soviet approval)—there are very few inelastic constitutional restrictions to worry about. **Richard Whalen**, a young writer at the *Wall Street Journal*, who apprenticed as assistant to James Jackson Kilpatrick of the Richmond *News-Leader*, traces the growth of Hammarskjold's power in recent years, leading to his centerstage performance in the Congo . . . **Willmoore Kendall** is now halfway through his two-year leave of absence from Yale University ("Every time I ask Yale for a leave of absence, I find it insultingly cooperative") and has almost completed a book: *A Long Farewell to Majority Rule*. He has been busy besides writing articles on political theory for the scholarly quarterlies. Recently he attended the "Escorial Conference" in Spain, and writes about what he saw, and heard, and said . . . **William Henry Chamberlin** gives us an idea of what it is like to try to make ends meet in Senator Kennedy's home state.

➔ **James Burnham** writes, direfully, about PGR—the extremely serious problem of the population growth rate . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** tells us about the widespread ignorance of the free market system in academic centers in Europe (confirming that ignorance is universal!) . . . **Frank Meyer** gets behind the engrossing ripples caused by Nixon and Kennedy and asks that we look, and worry, about the strong, trans-partisan undertow that is leading us to tyranny.

➔ **Jameson G. Campaigne** writes for NATIONAL REVIEW for the first time. He is director of editorial policy in Indianapolis for the two Pulliam papers, the *News* and the *Star*. Mr. Campaigne's own book will be published in the fall . . . Professor **Karl Wittfogel**, possibly the most profound student of Chinese history in this country, is author of *Oriental Despotism* and a close student of the life of Mao Tse-tung and the havoc he has wrought. He examines a book about Mao by a schoolmate and old friend . . . **Francis Russell**, who reviews the Robert Morley movie on the trial of Oscar Wilde, recently won a flashy victory in Massachusetts over a retired police chief. Mr. Russell is at work, as we have previously reported, on a book about Sacco and Vanzetti. To test a hypothesis, he needed to examine the pistols found on Sacco and Vanzetti, and the lethal bullets. He found that they had been given away by the trial judge after the execution to a local police chief, who turned them over to his son, also his successor as police chief—who refused to let Russell look at them. Russell took his case to the people—through the Boston *Herald*. A few days later, the acquisitive policeman meekly surrendered the material evidence to the Massachusetts Courthouse at Dedham, where the famous trial took place. And there they are, in case you want to have a look at them • • •

The WEEK

● Mr. Oginga Odinga, African member of the Kenya Legislative Council, declared in Nairobi the other day, pleading the cause of Mau Mau leader Jomo Kenyatta, *"I think it is for the African people to decide what type of life they are going to live in their own country. If they decide savagery is the most fitting thing, then they will decide on it."*

● In the three months since the fall of the Summit a burst of scientific achievements has shattered the Communist-promoted image of the U.S. as "second-rate" in space. The U.S. has: 1) sent an Atlas missile 9,000 miles—1,000 miles farther than the Russians' best distance; 2) launched Midas II, at the time our biggest satellite, into orbit around the earth; 3) held a successful ground-test preview of Saturn, the mightiest of the projected space rockets; 4) fired a rocket designed to torpedo nuclear submarines; 5) fired the Thor missile, whose rocket carried not one but *two* satellites (we can now fire "satellites by the bundle"); 6) launched Polaris from under water, the first missile to be fired from a submerged submarine, and the basis of the world's only invulnerable deterrent system; 7) placed into orbit the communications balloon, Echo I, the largest man-made object ever put into space; and 8) sent an Air Force test pilot 25 miles into space, setting a new altitude record for a piloted craft. Whew!

● Mr. Nixon has got himself some intellectuals, and some of them are very intellectual indeed, for instance William Yandell Elliott and Lon Fuller of Harvard; and some not so very much so, for instance John Hannah of Michigan State and Marion Folsom, formerly of Health, Education & Welfare. However, it is, all things considered, a group Mr. Nixon can be proud of. The list is varied and not long (16 members). Professor Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, is a typical member, an economist who is in refreshing contrast to the neoterics surrounding Mr. Kennedy. Each scholar has been assigned a paper to write, *e.g.*, on Communism as an ideology, Communism as a conspiracy, equality of rights and working opportunities, problems of the aging, metropolitan affairs, military policy, the emergent societies, American standards of culture, health and welfare, and education. We should have liked to see somebody directed to write a paper on how to lead the American people out of their lethargy, back from their delusions about the coexistence of the mammoth state and individual freedom, out of the superstitions of appeasement—up, in a word, from Liberalism. Could it be Mr. Nixon has assigned that paper to himself? Or will the Rockefeller Brothers Fund chip in and furnish it?

● It is now suggested that Senator Kennedy's religion may be a more important factor in the South than his stand on civil rights. (If the South is to be integrated, by golly it won't be by a Papist!) That, anyway, is the consensus of newspaper editors from Southern and border states as gathered at the annual seminar of the Southern Education Reporting Service. Another poll, of publishers in the West Texas Press Association, showed 32 who believe religion will be *the* major campaign issue in their cities, 16 who said it will not. One Southwest editor wrote recently: "Of course Catholicism is an issue. When the folks start telling jokes, they're making the issues more effectively than Baptist ministers ever can." Before the Democratic convention, pro-Johnson and anti-Kennedy literature was sent through the mail by the thousands to Protestant ministers all over the land; since the convention, the mail has changed to anti-Catholic sermons by anonymous ministers. These findings in the South are the inverse of the quieter swing *toward* Kennedy of many Northern Catholics who voted Republican in past elections.

● They called Edward Morell of Salt Lake City in, told him he had been "convicted of espionage" and expelled him. James Schultz of Otis, Kansas, they thundered, found "a Russian scoundrel prepared to sell his honor and his conscience for some rags [clothing]," conducted "anti-Soviet agitation [he gave away three Bibles] and spread provocative rumors." Expelled. They put Robert Christner of Sparks, Nevada aboard the night train to Helsinki after his exposure for "making topographic maps [he snapped a few pictures of railway stations at the invitation of his Intourist Guide]." They declared non grata Col. Edwin Kirton, Air Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, because he had "actively carried out visual observations" on a trip to Kurgan. *Izvestia* delivered the coup de grace: Col. Kirton, it said, is a "cad." They wired his aide, Captain Irving McDonald, that he, too, would have to go unless he stopped his "impermissible activities and insolent behavior." Russia's spy-a-day campaign was going along briskly, and by the time Francis Powers came to trial a background picture of the ubiquitous American spy was well-established. Sometimes we wish it were true.

● The United States should sever diplomatic relations with Cuba, says Spruille Braden, former U.S. Ambassador to Cuba and Assistant Secretary of

State for Latin American Affairs during the Truman Administration. "If a sufficiently numerous and representative group of non-Communist Cubans agree upon a responsible anti-Communist government-in-exile," he said, "we must recognize and work with this government, just as we worked with the Free French and other exile groups during World War II." The former envoy to Havana added that "if possible, we must take these steps in consonance with the Organization of American States, but with or without the OAS we must do these things. If the OAS will not act positively to eliminate Communism from Cuba, then we must be prepared to act alone to protect our national security. This we are entitled to do under the United Nations and OAS charters and the Rio de Janeiro and Caracas Pacts."

● "Communist-promoted crises throughout the world" make this "the most dangerous summer since 1939," Cardinal Spellman told the American pilgrims to the World Eucharistic Congress in Munich. "We have been led down these perilous paths by our own apathy," he added as he warned that "we who are still free must not permit ourselves the smallest degree of indifference, procrastination or compromise." In a sermon strong even for this veteran anti-Communist, the Cardinal told the assembly that "we must not lapse in our defenses, we must not falter in our faith, for there leads the road to disaster."

● For some years the American Bar Association's Special Committee on Communist Tactics, Strategy and Objectives has been a model of civic responsibility under the guidance of Mr. Peter Campbell Brown. Its legal and historical analysis of the Supreme Court decisions on security cases put the Court's own opinions to shame for cogency of argument and comprehension. Mr. Brown has just received a letter from ABA President-Elect Whitney North Seymour notifying him that he will not be reappointed, and implying that he may already regard himself as "without portfolio."

● Sixty-six-year-old D. F. "Dee" Pickart must be more than a little confused by Senator Wayne Morse, who says that he would like to see a minimum wage exceeding $1.25 an hour extended to 22 million people within "the next few years." Until almost two years ago, "Dee" Pickart was the Morse gardener—at a dollar an hour. Then, after 25 years of service, Pickart was fired. His offense was to say "Eisenhower is a pretty fine man, in my estimation." He recalls that "Wayne just blew off the plant. Oh brother, I never saw a man get so mad! He got really tough, really hard-boiled about it. He told me to 'change or pull out.'" All part of the increasingly enigmatic Morse Code.

Grand Guignol

In the reporting of Congolese events, there is a notable contrast between the European press and our own. The account presented to us by our journalists is so inadequate in both quantity and quality that it gives a badly distorted idea of the reality.

Americans learned that a few days after Independence Day there were riots and disorders in the Congo. Whites were abused, and some white women raped. Then the Belgians left while the UN troops flew in. Order was largely restored under the UN auspices, except for sporadic disturbances here and there and the political squabbling between Premier Lumumba and Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold.

All true enough, no doubt, but so little of the truth that the over-all picture is quite false. The bowdlerized, perfunctory references to "rape" have failed to communicate any notion of the savage ferocity of what actually happened, and is happening. *"On the same day* [V's] *wife was assaulted in her bedroom. She was hit with fists and rifle butts by six soldiers, who got hold of her and made deep cuts in her arms, of which the Commission has seen the scars. They stripped her of her underwear and raped her. The six soldiers held her tight and motionless, while an undetermined number of soldiers raped her. They stood in line while waiting for their turn. Her three children were present on the scene, crying loudly. Other soldiers got hold of her daughter aged less than 12 and raped her several times."* Scenes such as this, recorded in the Preliminary Report of the Judicial Commission appointed by the Belgian government to investigate the atrocities, were repeated by the hundreds.

But the victims of the unleashed ferocity are not limited to whites nor to the few first days of volcanic orgy. What the black savages are doing to each other in scores of villages and smaller cities is beyond the imagination of civilized men. Poison, hideous torture, obscene mutilation, cannibalism are routine.

The vague idea we get from our press of life proceeding more or less normally under the moral scrutiny of the UN patrols and bureaucrats is also remote from Congo reality. The UN control has never extended to more than a few of the larger cities, and only in certain sections of these. No one knows exactly what has happened in most of the country. Thousands of whites—Greek, Cypriot, Portuguese, German as well as Belgian—are unreported, along with millions of the rural, village and jungle blacks. Telephone, telegraph, post, roads, railroads have largely broken down. Tens of thousands of homes, shops and stores have been looted, burned, defiled. Outside Katanga, most of the economy has ceased operating.

The solemn language of the dispatches in our press leads readers to assume that there is in all seriousness a "government" of the independent "Republic of Congo." This too is an illusion. In no objective particular do the bold, psychotic adventurer, Lumumba, and the disorganized, bewildered accomplices and enemies who are called his "cabinet" and "parliament," resemble what we mean by a "government."

The journalists in the Congo whom most of us must rely on for our information are too ignorant, too lazy, and too deeply saturated with our hypocritical egalitarian optimism to tell us the truth about the Congo. Few of them know French—the only common language of the literate—much less the native languages. They do not venture into the small towns and countryside or jungle, as many of the European correspondents do, but hang around Léopoldville picking up fatuous releases from UN or Lumumba press rooms.

More deceptive than all errors of detailed fact and omission is their failure to communicate the quality of the whole: the fantastic Grand Guignol combination of coarse farce, hideous violence, grotesque absurdity.

This lack on our part—a lack shared by our government—of a relevant comprehension of what is happening makes it impossible for us to act intelligently. As many West Europeans see very clearly, the United States is standing by washing its hands while Lumumba, Soviet-guided, completes the reduction of the entire Congo, Katanga included, to an utter chaos that Moscow will reknit to its pattern.

The Mistake of Moise Tshombe

Any sort of adventurer can demand independence for his country. So long as he is Communist, we give it to him. Even if this means throwing his country into chaos.

But if it is a question of a chief of government elected by a representative assembly, who maintains order thanks to the support of his country's public opinion, then he is suspect. We refuse him independence.

And who is it that refuses? The partisans of self-determination, of the right of peoples to govern themselves.

The misfortune of M. Tshombe is that he is not a Communist, not illiterate. If he were, he would have the support of all the Western democracies. But he is not. He is even descended from the royal family of the Lundas, one of the greatest tribes of central Africa. He was once a student at a Methodist missionary school, and is, moreover, a university graduate.

So, when he refused to let his province, Katanga, fall into chaos, when he refused to allow Belgian functionaries to be replaced by propagandists come from Communist nations to colonize his country, the Free World laughed in his face. And since his country is the richest of the entire ex-Belgian Congo, we insultingly accuse him—with no evidence—of being a servant of the big companies that are located there, because that is what Lumumba calls him.

The independence of Katanga would annoy the USSR. All the more so because it might prove contagious. Kasai and Kivu might join Katanga in order to form a federation which Ruanda-Urundi might also join.

So, the ex-Belgian Congo might find itself cut in two, like Korea, like Vietnam, like Germany. How dreadful! We prefer it unified, united. . . . Like Christian Hungary and Christian Poland.

—*Carrefour*, Paris

State, Couchant, *As Usual*

On August 12 the National Security Council discussed the Geneva nuclear test ban negotiations, now approaching the end of their second sterile year. Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates Jr. and Atomic Energy Commission chairman John A. McCone urged that without further lingering on Moscow's approval we renounce our self-imposed prohibition, and proceed at once with—as a starter—the test explosions designed to improve detection methods. Secretary Herter insisted on further delay and a continuance of the talks. He argued that if we went ahead unilaterally we would risk alienating the "uncommitted" nations of the Afro-Asian bloc, and might get a censure from the UN. The President continues to accept the State Department's counsel.

On the same day that the Russians shot down our RB-47 over international waters and kidnapped two surviving members of its crew, the facts were known to the Pentagon and CIA. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, to whom they were communicated, proposed to air them at once, using the UN Security Council as forum. The State Department demurred, saying this would further inflame world tensions, etc. The Department's advice was followed. A week later Moscow took the initiative with its lies on the affair. Our subsequent explanation sounded defensive, weak, contrived.

On Cuba and on Panama the pattern is the same. From the beginning, the State Department has wanted softness on Cuba—so that a hard U.S. attitude would not (so State's reasoning runs) "antagonize" Castro and "throw him into the arms of Khrushchev." (He didn't need too much throwing, as it turned out.) And on Panama, where an anti-U.S. putsch looms on this winter's schedule, at least one section of the

Department's staff—busily undermining the Pentagon —wants not merely to make major "concessions" to Panamanian "nationalism" but to cede sovereignty over the Canal.

A tendency toward conciliation, talk and compromise is, of course, an occupational trait of a Foreign Office's permanent staff. But a nation has surely the right to ask that conciliation be halted somewhere short of sellout. We would offer the suggestion that the State Department try for once to base a policy on the interests of the citizens of the United States instead of the sensibilities of Kwame Nkrumah, Fidel Castro and Patrice Lumumba.

The Presidential candidates are evidently too busy to comment on any of these matters.

Polling the Khrushchev Vote

Both candidates, with much show of public piety, urge the voters not to let Khrushchev get into the election campaign. Mr. Nixon has declared—suspiciously often, skeptics might think—that no word will come from *him* about Khrushchev's Presidential preferences. Mr. Kennedy, after one passing mention of the matter, has preserved an equally prudent silence.

We cannot share this polite—and perhaps hypocritical—view of the irrelevance of Khrushchev's opinion, any more than of the candidates' religious beliefs, an issue also played piously down (in public) by the candidates themselves and the official party leaders. We are convinced that anything so important as a man's religion is indeed one of the elements—though only one, of course—on which judgment of his political qualifications should be grounded. We are also sure that the opinion of Khrushchev and the Soviet power for which he speaks is one other such element, though again not the only nor the solely decisive one.

At the Summit and ever since, Khrushchev has made abundantly clear, and has reconfirmed in the Powers Show Trial, that he wants the defeat of Mr. Nixon, as a Red-baiter, a reactionary, and the legitimate perpetrator of the aggressive, warmongering Dulles-Radford-Eisenhower imperialist policy. "A defeat for this [Nixon-Lodge] ticket would be heralded everywhere as a defeat for those war-inciting and anti-labor policies" (*Worker,* 14 August). Khrushchev, both directly and through his U.S. auxiliary, worked for the nomination of Adlai Stevenson. He is by no means enthusiastic over the substitution of America Firster Joe Kennedy's boy, joined to a Texan. He intends to bury both Republicans and Democrats before he has finished, but meanwhile he will settle for the lesser evil, and his American agents

(cf. *Worker,* same issue) "will try this year in the main to win their demands through Democratic or independent candidates."

This is the truth, and it is obscurantist as well as hypocritical to try to conceal it. This means, simply, that Khrushchev believes he can get more out of a Kennedy than a Nixon Administration.

He could, of course, be wrong.

High Costmanship

As Jack Kennedy pushes his borrowed ideas about the so-called New Frontier, events conspire to underline the disaster that awaits the U.S. if New Frontiersmanship is to become the blueprint for a four-year program.

The New Frontier, as mapped by the Democratic platform, requires a combination of easy money, high federal spending, and a continuation of high taxes on corporate profits. But the nation, in these last days of the Eisenhower Administration, is already suffering from a Republican anticipation of Kennedy's New Frontiersmanship.

Item One: The Federal Reserve system has cut the interest rate on loans to member banks from 3½ to 3 per cent and made some rule changes which, in effect, have added $600 million to banking reserves that can be used for inflationary credit. With these easy money moves confirming the downward trend that has cut short-term interest rates in half over the past eight months, foreign investors are reacting by cashing in their American holdings in order to use their money at more profitable rates elsewhere. As a necessary corollary, the dollar is weakening on world money markets and the outflow of gold from our shores is once more picking up speed.

Item Two: As the U.S. loses gold, foreigners buy less from us than we are buying abroad, plus what we lend and give away. Even before the New Frontier has pumped more inflation into our prices, the already existing high-cost aspects of the American economy are nibbling at our national solvency. It is not only that foreigners are ceasing to buy from us; we are ceasing to buy from ourselves. For example, the Department of the Interior recently purchased two turbines from the Japanese for a power plant in California, and has also ordered more turbines from the British. In each case the foreign seller has offered his turbines at a differential that is greater than

The Crossroads Ahead

A member of our staff sat in recently at a fund-raising dinner in New York for one of the political parties. Here are his notes on the address of one of the speakers. Let the reader guess which was the political party!

Distinguished guests, reverend clergy, ladies and gentlemen, my colleagues and my friends: It is an honor and a privilege to address you on this occasion today. First, I would like to congratulate each one of you assembled here on the attainment of the objectives for which you have worked so hard. A very strange thing happened to me tonight on my way to this function, which reminds me at this point of a story about this great nation of ours. The disturbing feature of all this is, despite all the bitter lessons, we, of course, know better.

As that great statesman once said, I need hardly remind this intelligent audience without fear of successful contradiction that we hand down to posterity as a matter of policy a few words about your splendid hospitality and this great nation of ours. We view with alarm under our present wise leadership and—some may be surprised, for above and beyond we begin to see the sun break through. We are counting on your help because, as you so well know, money must be forthcoming to our way of life.

As we travel the long road ahead down to the grass roots of America, there are those extremists whose voices cry out in the night. In this worthy cause we must not forsake, but rather, with wisdom, recall that there are those who say that tomorrow may be too late. Make no mistakes—in our over-all approach no one will dispute this fact—and it is a sobering thought. It is perhaps more than coincidence, and honesty demands, whether we desire it or not, that we face up to the issue. As we must always endeavor to point out, this observation has led me to one conclusion.

We need money. I shall not attempt in these brief remarks to point out the fact that we are free people and we should never forget it. The world looks to us for leadership, and we point with pride in considering the credit side of the ledger.

Keeping always abreast of the times, the record shows that we are a young nation. It is gratifying to hear, like all good Americans—and these are simple, hard facts. We have no illusions. This is no dream, but a challenge. History teaches us that the period of greatest crisis and most glorious future lies before us, and especially disillusioning has been our experience in this worthy cause. Yet we must not falter!

Where then shall we turn? In our judgment, we do not wish to confuse the issue. The primary aim has always been to understand the problem better. I do not pretend to know the answers. There are unmistakable signs, I submit to you, and in such view we are perhaps more to be applauded than condemned—as the world may one day see.

This brings me to my second point—another and wiser man has said it far better—for therein lies the common denominator of a people who will never give up. We should, then, pause and reflect. It is said that money is the root of all evil, but it was gratifying to hear, in our over-all approach, and, as a matter of fact, it is this very spirit of unselfishness which is beyond peradventure of a doubt. Whoever would challenge those words of our revered Founding Fathers? I say to you, let's look at the record.

Of this we can be assured—as those who have gone before us—and these splendid men and women in this room whose very presence tonight testifies. With heartfelt thanks, and with unyielding determination as in the immortal words first uttered by my illustrious colleagues, we hear the hallowed voices—Blue and Gray—who made it the great common heritage of the melting pot, sealed with blood in the spirit of the dauntless pioneers, and in this tradition we must and we will—under God.

It has been a distinct honor and privilege, and in conclusion let me say what words cannot express. On that note may I leave you with this parting thought, money, which I know will be taken in the spirit in which it is offered, for the die is cast before the bar of justice and world opinion.

the 6 per cent margin which would have required the Interior Department to take American-made turbines under the so-called "Buy American" Act.

Item Three: The high costs that plague the American economy continue to be intensified by a tax policy that actually encourages our manufacturers to stay as long as possible with decrepit machinery. In England, Germany, and most other West European nations, manufacturers are permitted to depreciate their equipment at a rapid rate. This permits them to store up funds for the purchase of the latest improvements in cost-cutting machine tools and automated assembly-line equipment. But our tax policies, which permit only meager annual deductions from corporate profits to serve as depreciation for obsolescent plant, penalize the factory-renovator—and the volume of business on which the government relies in the first place for its corporate taxes necessarily shrinks by the moment.

All of this is mere prelude to the New Frontier which the Democrats are cranking up for us.

Let 99 Flowers Bloom

Have you supposed, as you have been expected to do, that the diminishing number of references to domestic Communism was the natural result of the disappearance of the problem, or of public interest therein? There is no question about the general apathy. But ponder the meaning of the following small incident.

Our publisher, William Rusher, who is also a lawyer, was invited to serve on a panel of attorneys questioning James B. Carey, sharp-tongued boss of the IUE (the non-Communist electrical workers' union), over WCBS-TV, Columbia network's station in New York.

The going was hot and heavy, and Mr. Rusher finally asked Mr. Carey how come his union, which subscribes to the Ethical Practices Code that bans Fifth Amendment takers, continues to harbor union officials who will swear they are not Communists today, but who scurry for the Fifth Amendment if asked about their pasts. (Carey runs a private confessional for repenting Communist electrical workers, is the answer, and absolves them from the requirement of cooperating with congressional committees provided they satisfy him.)

Well, Carey hemmed and hawed until the MC rescued him by announcing that time was up, and that was that. Or so it seemed, until the show, which had been pre-taped, was run on WCBS-TV. Lo, the offending question and evasive answers had been neatly, invisibly and inaudibly snipped from the tape, and replaced with a string of cheery little commercials! Then, stilling all doubts, the announcer's voice calmly assured the viewers that the program was "spontaneous, unrehearsed *and not edited*." (Remember those unedited quiz programs?)

That's how they do it in Murrowland these days. When somebody starts discussing you-know-what, just snip and splice. What the audience doesn't know won't hurt it.

Are Eggheads Pantywaists?

The "New Frontier" is beginning to look as if it were an area that is wholly occupied by eggheads. J. Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard and Walt Whitman Rostow of MIT are the most typical, but there are many others including Archibald Cox, a Harvard labor law specialist, and the Samuelson whose economic textbook encapsulates more inconsistencies than can be found in volume of Eleanor Roosevelt.

These types are legitimate eggheads, but of a new variety on the American scene. The issue that the emergence of this new type raises is whether they are in the tradition. None of the many New Frontier eggheads has the virility characteristic of the classic American intellectual—whether Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, Calhoun, Webster or others who were associated with 1) the Revolution, or 2) the real Frontier.

Samuel Eliot Morison is an egghead, of the 100 proof variety, but he doesn't seem to be anywhere on Kennedy's New Frontier. A number of other Harvard and MIT citizens have the same character as Morison —the demonstrated capacity for adventure, the virility and force, but they don't seem to live in the New Frontier.

The egghead of the New Frontier is characteristically a little freakish. Galbraith, who looks like a refugee from the National Book Awards, has lived an utterly genteel life, and has floated about like a giraffe in the Ivy League sea from childhood. Rostow, who looks very like an escapee from a traditional European tailor shop where they still sat and sewed cross-legged, is a more recent version of the egghead —not quite in the tradition of Walt Whitman after whom he was named, and even less in that of Eugene Victor Debs, after whom his brother, head of the Yale Law School, was named.

The one thing that the eggheads of the New Frontier have in common is a passion for the security of institutional living, whether it be Harvard, the Ford Foundation, or the U.S. Government. Status, for the new egghead, is institutional; he is the new organizational egghead who is enacting Marxian statics, the politicalization of knowledge. He publishes through institutional channels, acts through institutional subordinates. Truth has, on the New Frontier, become a function of the institution.

The Kennedy eggheads resemble nothing more

For the Record

Kennedy strategists welcoming third party movements and "free elector" slates in South. They feel any such move would take votes from Nixon, help Kennedy carry Dixie. . . . Despite cover-ups (e.g., Kennedy pilgrimage to Hyde Park), Lehman-Finletter-Eleanor Roosevelt faction of New York Democratic Party still unfriendly to Kennedy. On opposite side of fence, some Rockefeller aides passing word to Republican precinct leaders to "go easy" in support of Nixon. . . . Former governor Allan Shivers, a conservative, may return to politics and oppose Lyndon Johnson (running both for the Senate and the VP-ship) in Texas Senate race. . . . Barry Goldwater reports 80 per cent of his post-convention mail approved his public appeal to conservatives to support Nixon.

Dag Hammerskjold said to have, in pocket, ten-year-plan for UN running of Congo; it calls for 50,000 UN employees there. . . . Soviet diplomat André Fomin said to have written Lumumba's attack on Hammerskjold. . . . Belgium, faced with economic disaster in Congo, also prepares 20 per cent cutback in unproductive coal mines by 1962 under agreement with Coal-Steel Community. . . . Best description of Leopoldville today, in Wall Street Journal: "It has a deceptive Sunday morning atmosphere—which lasts all week."

Sensational revelations expected from book Devin-Adair bringing out in November. It's called Betrayal at the UN—The Story of Povl Bang-Jensen, and written by newspapermen Whit Copp and Marshall Peck. . . . Representative August Johansen (R. Mich.) has wired Secretary Herter to protest rumored Khrushchev visit to UN headquarters in N.Y. next month. . . . It's regarded unlikely Khrushchev will make visit, particularly since Macmillan announced he would not attend. . . . Frequent visitor to Colombey-les-deux-Églises in recent weeks Guy Mollet, head of French Socialist Party, which is now in opposition. Price of Socialist support of de Gaulle might be replacement of Debré as premier by Mollet.

Congolese version of La Marseillaise: "Aux arbres, citoyens. . ."

than the Mather dynasty of the colonial period of New England. As theocratic chieftains, the Mathers were the executive, the parliament, and the judiciary of New England society. As autocrats, the thing they abhorred the most was the frontier, the ever-changing scene in which the American character—and its virility—flourished. The Kennedy egghead is a close copy of the Mather type, devoted to the orthodoxy of institutional existence.

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. is one of the Kennedy eggheads, and one of the great institutional types of the modern historian. He resembles Francis Parkman of *Oregon Trail* fame in about the same way a Pekinese resembles a Great Dane. A. M. Jr. was spoon-fed from infancy and has learned that his bread is buttered on the FDR side. He can (in memory) still be seen at his father's Sunday night parties—abstinent, genteel, and apron-stringed. He was a veritable Little Lord Schlesinger. On him, scholarship in the ancient Parkman tradition sits like a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire. Nonetheless, as a vested institutional type, he will continue to squint and pout his way through the New Frontier, a principal theocrat of the modern state.

One of the questions that inevitably arises after an examination of the new institutional man is whether it should be regarded as a new political sex. Is the institutional pantywaist, rigorously conformist, rigorously abstinent, rigorously oriented to state power, a new breed or is it only a collection that Kennedy has gathered around him—suitable for the kind of intellectual touch-football that has been a family indulgence of the Kennedys?

Ultimately, it may be that the American culture has changed. The hothouses of suburbia and academia may have produced this new tasteless breed, all of whose members are as alike and as flavorless as hothouse tomatoes. It may be that flavor and character are being bred out of the species. If so, it will be a new America, and with the adventure gone it will no longer require men. Kennedy's New Frontier, unlike the traditional frontier, is an area that can be occupied and subdued by pantywaists.

For us, these eggheads by the dozen, packaged by an intellectual A & P in uniform cartons, are hardly adequate for the election breakfast. We would prefer the older kind, the ones that were put up in water-glass; the taste of the older type may not have been uniformly the same, but at least they were not as invariably sterile as the modern product of the intellectual hen-houses favored by Kennedy.

Sterility may be well and good in its place but we would much prefer a little more virility and a little less virginity among our intellectual leaders. Accordingly, we favor a public campaign to help stamp out pantywaists.

PYRRHO

Too Many Too Soon

JAMES BURNHAM

A remarkable paper presently circulating in certain research institutes and governmental agencies offers evidence and analysis to support the following propositions:

The controlling event of the twentieth century is the population explosion. From 1900-55, world population increased 1 billion—300 million more than in the entire nineteenth century. From 1650-1900 world population grew at an average annual rate of about ½%; the rate is now three times that.

The highest growth rates are in the underdeveloped nations of Asia, Latin America and some parts of Africa. Many of these are growing at or above the "Malthusian rate" of 2.85% (≡ doubling every 25 years).

This enormous increase in population growth rate (PGR) results chiefly from the conquest of mass disease, plague, infection, etc. Mass migration, which in the nineteenth century relieved population pressures in the more crowded nations, has virtually stopped.

Crowding always raises the potential for social conflict. Even in the past this was shown by what happened in cities crowded with heterogeneous populations—ancient Rome, Paris of 1789, Petrograd of 1917 (then the most crowded city of Russia), Berlin of the early 1930s. Everyone knows the tensions, crime, riots and conflicts of today's crowded cities. But today many whole nations, encompassing the majority of mankind, are crowded.

Cold War and PGR

A high PGR necessarily means a fast rate of social change and thus instability. Political stability tends to be in inverse ratio to PGR.

Within the non-Soviet world the relatively stable nations have a PGR of about 1%. The nations with high rates in the neighborhood of 2.85% are all exceedingly unstable. The effect of this law becomes extreme under conditions of crowding and of declining food supply, both of which exist in most of Asia and much of Latin America. More than half of the earth's population, with food scarce to begin with, confronts declining per capita food supplies.

The cold war may be understood as a double conflict: between two different systems of population management; between individuals and groups for declining space and food supplies.

The "revolution of rising expectations" is in reality a "revolution of declining availabilities." In most of Asia and much of Africa and Latin America, the per capita food supply is declining and will inevitably continue to decline. India is producing 400 lbs. of grain per person (one-fifth U.S. production), with increasing rural population, decreasing acreage per family, and increasing labor per unit of production. The mathematics are obvious. Sir Julian Huxley estimates that India's population would have to be cut in half before it could achieve economic growth.

So long as a high PGR continues, it is impossible to solve this Malthusian equation. Japan has done so locally by incredible virtuosity, combining a sharply reduced PGR with the application of advanced technology and abundant fertilizer to the land. But this cannot be done in the rest of Asia. Production of nitrogen alone, for fertilizer, would have to increase 20 to 30 times in a decade, which is impossible.

There cannot be per capita agricultural growth unless the population on the land is stable or decreasing per unit of land. In India the rural population is 75% of the total, and growing faster than the urban. Yields per unit of land are dropping, not rising.

Even in advanced, well-endowed and comparatively uncrowded countries, excessive PGR is correlated with per capita decline in the formation of *productive* capital, decay in fiscal affairs, and a relative decline in productivity. These results are being illustrated in the U.S., though its PGR of 1.75% is well under the Malthusian. Productivity is braked to provide jobs for the expanding population. Capital goes to housing, consumer goods, government services instead of to the field that is the true measure of basic growth: the production of the means of production. In 1947, 52.5% of domestic U.S. investment went to production of the means of production; by 1957 this had dropped to 41.7%.

Toward Decline and Fall

The U.S. has an obsolescent capital plant, with labor cost per unit of production constant or increasing on average. Without drastic change in policy, the era of U.S. trade predominance is drawing to a close; even the domestic standard of living will level off and begin to decline.

The non-Soviet nations that show basic growth have PGR of only 1%, and fiscal and social policies very different from the U.S.

The Malthusian third of the world —if there is no population slowdown—faces inevitably declining consumption, social conflict and explosion. The Sino-Soviet bloc, which exploits and benefits from such social conflict, is the natural successor.

The West—particularly the U.S.—sees the solution for the Malthusian third in industrialization with the help of "foreign aid." All the evidence shows that this does not and cannot check the population flood, handle the social conflict, or create conditions for adequate local capital formation.

For Asia, Africa and much of Latin America, on the political side, only police, military or authoritarian solutions are possible.

The Sino-Soviet bloc has the methods and the will to deal with crowding and population management. As things are now going it is certain to take over the Malthusian third.

U.S. economic strategy—and survival—demands: 1. Complete reexamination and redirection of policy toward the Malthusian third; 2. recovery of predominant trade position through intensive technological modernization.

Letter from Austria

The Crisis of Private Property

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Can there be human freedom without private property? Certainly the "exceptional man"—the saint, the hero—is able to feel free and to be free, owing to his courage and/or his ascetic freedom from material ties, but the average man needs to have certain material goods entirely at his disposal to preserve a minimum of freedom. The free yeoman, the Jeffersonian ideal of a man with his own fields, his own house, growing his own food, quite rightly was and still remains a symbol of liberty.

Nothing, however, carries a modicum of security or permanence without being sanctioned and protected by a generally recognized principle. A society which violates a principle in one respect or another has morally abolished it. If large estates can be expropriated or carved up on the excuse of social justice, the ten or twenty acres of the small peasant also cease to be secure. It has been Soviet policy to inaugurate agrarian reforms first, and then to return to the economically more rational large holdings through collectivization, because the outcry of the expropriated peasantry — which yesterday had benefited from another expropriation —carries no moral weight.

Thievery: It All Depends

We are living in a time when small and medium thieves still are punished. If I steal a camera in an Innsbruck store I will be locked up for at least several months. Yet, the judge who pronounces my sentence does so in the name of the Republic of Austria, which has duly stolen ("expropriated") the very modest estates of the Hapsburg family—not once, but twice. The Austrian case is a very special one, since the country was created by the Hapsburg family out of nothing; and it fell back into near-nothingness as soon as it parted ways with this dynasty.

Austria, of course, is in select company. Congolese Premier Lumumba, famous for his performance as an embezzler and as an expert in international blackmail, threatened to expropriate the estates and enterprises of the Belgians who fled if they did not return within eight days. In other words: they had to expose themselves to violence at the hands of a mutinous army or suffer legal theft. (The juiciest plum of this kind of thievery, the Katanga Mines, is whetting all sorts of appetites among all sorts of people.)

At the same time, Lumumba's dealings with the American financier, Edgar Detwiler, make the Belgians furious. Among Europeans in Africa, American prestige is at the lowest ebb since—rightly or wrongly—Americans figure as the protagonists of anti-colonialism, holding out the sweet promise of material aid to newly independent nations (financially more dependent than ever). Thus a Detwiler, moving in after the Belgians moved out, throws an additional shadow on the idealistic aspects of American anti-colonialism. There can be no doubt that, until and unless real solidarity exists among those who stand for the principle of private property, a moral front against the onslaught of governmental thievery is not possible.

Defense of Free Enterprise

The demand that the twin principles of private property and free enterprise be methodically strengthened in the Free World has again been voiced by the Walter Eucken Institute of Freiburg (Germany). This institute, named after the late co-founder of economic neo-Liberalism, made a thorough study of German school textbooks and found that young Germans are not given coherent reasons to defend free enterprise. To begin with, the students—and this the inquiry stresses—are not made sufficiently familiar with the strict notion of the *Rechtsstaat*, the State based on law and strict legality. It is true that the heresies of older textbooks have not been repeated but free enterprise is defended with but little conviction and enthusiasm.

The case for free enterprise should be presented in the teaching of history no less than of civics, the latter a very new subject in German schools. In history the dangers of currency devaluation, from the *assignats* of the French Revolution to the various German inflations, ought to be stressed. The reforms of vom Stein and Hardenberg, which paved the way for freedom of enterprise, ought to be brought into focus, and the tendencies toward economic autarky should be condemned, because free trade not only strengthens general living standards but fosters peace, which the various "national socialisms" obviously do not.

The results of the repeated expropriations of the German middle class should be shown in strong relief. All this cannot be done without an equally forceful condemnation of planned economy which, as a *fausse idée claire*, is so much more reasonable to the naive observer. Yet it should be demonstrated that a free enterprise economy has an order all of its own, an internal system of invisible, implicit laws, which shows results vastly superior to those of a centrally-planned economy.

The institute regrets that so many young Germans leave school without any awareness of what the East-West conflict means in economic and moral terms. Often they hate the Russians, without realizing to what extent that unfortunate nation is merely the victim of a wrong economic, moral and political order.

Above all they have to learn what makes our institutions and our way of life tick, because without such self-realization—without comprehension of the inner laws of society—no culture, no civilization is able to continue and to flourish. And this is all the more true in historic periods in which they are heavily challenged. This makes one wonder whether the repeated attacks against ideologies, coming from conservative circles, have a real justification. Can consistency and coherence, in the long run, be opposed by polite doubt? Can mere doubt dispose of a fanatically supported error?

Hammarskjold: Have Troops, Will Travel

Suddenly we find the UN's top administrator acting and talking like Mr. Universe. How did he get that way? Can he be stopped?

RICHARD WHALEN

The Congo was doomed to explode. Western journalists and diplomats watched in dismay as *Indepen*-DANCE called down a dark orgy of rape and pillage. Yet the West, which had hectored Belgium for its colonialism and urged speedy freedom for the unready Congo, was paralyzed by the chaotic realization of its demands. The anti-colonialists had nothing at hand to fill the vacuum, and so the problem of the Congo passed by default to the boneyard of Western diplomacy, the United Nations.

If the West was caught with its plans down, UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold, characteristically, was not. The cool Swede had foreseen that Black Africa might become a ward of the United Nations, and had planned accordingly. When a call for assistance from the Congo's parliament was bucked from Washington to UN headquarters, he used his authority under Article 99 of the UN Charter to summon the Security Council into emergency session. From the beginning, the intervention that followed was a Hammarskjold operation.

With an eventual force of 12,000 troops streaming into the Congo, Hammarskjold observed that the UN had "embarked on its biggest single effort under United Nations colors, organized and directed by the United Nations itself." His omission of the UN's intervention in Korea was intentional. Since the Korean War, the UN, with Hammarskjold as chief architect, has radically altered its power structure. Korea marked the high-point of UN involvement in the cold war, a struggle which Hammarskjold has sought to banish from his temple of neutralism. East and West may collide verbally on Manhattan's East River, but the power of action and decision in the world is firmly in neutralist hands.

Hammarskjold's man in Léopoldville when the explosion came was Under-Secretary Ralph Bunche, who claimed the weight of "world opinion" for his words and deeds. With the arrival of the UN police force and the Secretary-General himself, the supranational body became the most effective force at work in a cockpit of the cold war, and the UN's "impartial" handling of such matters as Belgian withdrawal and the status of mineral-rich Katanga province had to be ratified by the West, regardless of its deepest interests.

A Growth of Power

The Secretary-General did not assume such sweeping authority overnight. Since his election in 1953, he has come to overshadow the organization he represents, assuming a range of responsibilities never contemplated by the nations which drew up the Charter at San Francisco fifteen years ago. Only two of the Charter's 111 Articles bear directly on the office of the Secretary-General, a fair clue to its anticipated unimportance. Article 98 assigns general administrative duties and "such other functions" as UN organs may request, and requires that the Secretary-General report annually on his stewardship. Article 99 authorizes him to "bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security." But the Charter is vague enough to sanction almost any undertaking of the Secretary-General, if either the Security Council or the General Assembly approves. For the most part, Hammarskjold has moved cautiously in extending his authority, almost invariably with the tacit or explicit consent of the great powers.

Emphasis by the news media on the Security Council conceals its impotence. The veto is omnipresent, no matter how eloquently Henry Cabot Lodge may answer the charges of the Soviets. It is the Assembly, where once the West could command an overwhelming majority against the Communist bloc, that now rules, often to the great disadvantage of the West. The neutralist trend set in motion by the Korean War was speeded by the so-called "package deal" of 1955 and has become overwhelming with the steady addition of new states-by-courtesy, such as the Congo. The Afro-Asian bloc—now 50 strong—is the Assembly's dominant voice, and Hammarskjold is its willing instrument.

He is naturally cast in the role of neutralist champion. When the British proposed that he succeed Norway's Trygve Lie seven years ago, his lack of discernible ideological bias was his chief qualification. Hammarskjold, self-effacing head of Sweden's UN delegation, seemed well-suited to reducing the Secretary-General's role to that of an international civil servant, as in the League of Nations.

Unlike his quick-tempered predecessor, Hammarskjold understood his lordly position and the resentment it might cause if not carried off properly. He gave up his private elevator and stunned the caste-conscious Secretariat by dining in the cafeteria. Taken on a tour of the fief he would rule, he was ushered into the high-domed Assembly chamber and asked, as was the custom, what the abstract Leger murals reminded him of. "The cross-section of a muscle," replied Hammarskjold. Poor Lie had said, "scrambled eggs." Word soon passed along the corridors that the new chief ("S-G") was also a reader of modern verse and an admirer of Bach, facts that did not harm employee morale. Subordinates in his 38th floor suite quickly learned to extend themselves to win the wan smile and single word—"Exactly!"—that signalled approval.

The habit of command was inbred. Hammarskjold, born in 1905, came of an ancient and aristocratic Swedish family. He was the youngest son of Hjalmar Hammarskjold, Sweden's World War I premier and an ardent neutral who kept his country out of the war and the League. An introspective youth, Dag was raised in the family's castle home and enjoyed hiking and reading. He received his doctorate in economics from Stockholm University with a thesis on the business cycle pithily entitled *Konjunkturspridningen.* His Keynesian approach was described by a professor as "brilliant and abstruse." Joining no party, he moved easily into the family career of civil service and was appointed Under-Secretary of Finance at 31. Five years later, he became chairman of the Bank of Sweden. In 1946, he was named Deputy Foreign Minister and was assigned to the new United Nations.

He showed no sign of straining ambition or a will to power, yet he fully appreciated the possibilities of his job. In August 1953, he casually remarked to a friendly newsman: "This is a political job. I am a political servant. Administration is just a tool put at my command." Another aside revealed his behind-the-arras style: "People don't mind taking advice. But they don't like being publicized as taking advice. A question of tact."

By January 1955, Hammarskjold had tightened his grip on the Secretariat and tactfully maneuvered himself into a spectacular assignment from the General Assembly. With Washington's blessing, he flew to Peiping and begged the release of eleven American airmen imprisoned as "spies." He returned empty-handed, but when the men were freed, eight months later, Hammarskjold got the credit, internationally.

In 1956 an even greater opportunity beckoned. After much haggling, the Security Council sent him off to the turbulent Middle East to patch together the Arab-Israeli truce. This decision to "let Dag do it" gave him a free hand. He lifted the cease-fire provisions from the Armistice Agreement and transformed them into agreements between himself and the nations of the region. Simultaneously, the UN's truce observers became his personal agents. Almost unnoticed, and certainly not challenged by the West, the Secretary-General assumed the authority to deal with sovereign nations on a basis of full equality.

Hammarskjold succeeded in restoring a semblance of calm, and reported to the Assembly in mid-April of 1956 that a "general will to peace" prevailed in the Middle East. Yet, only a few months later, Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal set the area aflame. Hammarskjold, far from being dismayed by this bold *coup,* did all he could to make Nasser's prize secure. Calling together representatives of France, Britain and Egypt, he dictated Six Principles that were accepted as the basis of a temporary settlement.

Threatens to Resign

His prestige greatly enhanced, he was now ready for the world-shaking events of October. Accusing Egypt of war preparations (oddly unnoticed by Hammarskjold's team of observers), Israel invaded the Sinai Peninsula. Britain and France followed with a cease-fire ultimatum and announced plans for joint occupation of the Canal area. Hammarskjold was jolted by the ultimatum, and after Britain and France had vetoed Security Council action in a post-midnight session, he retired to his Park Avenue bachelor quarters for hours of agonizing deliberation.

"A Secretary-General," he dramatically told the Assembly next day, "cannot serve on any other assumption than that—within the necessary limits of human frailty and honest difference of opinion—all member nations honor their pledge to observe all Articles of the Charter." His grandstand play paid off. Under a shower of compliments and pleas, he withdrew his veiled resignation. At lunch that day, Hammarskjold planted an idea in the friendly ear of Canada's Lester B. Pearson, who offered a resolution requesting the Secretary-General to form a UN Emergency Force for the Middle East.

The United States joined the Soviet Union in support of the Soviet and neutralist demand that the Anglo-French forces withdraw unconditionally. It was now easy for Hammarskjold to muster his precedent-setting 5,000-man personal army. The Secretary-General, unlike the Pope, now had divisions.

Hammarskjold's new moral force could only be directed against those nations which chose to recognize it, as was demonstrated when it came to Soviet imperialism in Hungary. Even verbal opposition demanded more courage than the neutrals could muster, for they labored mightily to soften a resolution attributing the flight of Hungarian refugees to "the harsh and repressive action of the Soviet armed forces."

The Secretary-General did not mobilize divisions, did not even *demand* that UN observers be admitted to Hungary. He asked, and was contemptuously refused. A week after the Assembly had directed that observers be sent, Hammarskjold asked Soviet "assistance," and was at length told by the Kremlin's stooges in Budapest that Soviet troops were there "at the request of the Hungarian government." His response to this brutal hypocrisy was not a ringing speech or a threat to resign, but a polite request that he be allowed to stop at Budapest en route to the Middle East. That, too, was refused, and the Secretary-General stayed in Manhattan and heard the mocking words of Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily Kuznetsov:

> People who are loyal to the high principles of the United Nations will, I am sure, draw the necessary conclusions from Hungarian events—so that never in the future will counter-revolutionary forces [with] assistance from international reaction, be able to unleash sanguinary orgies.

Hungary hurt Hammarskjold's prestige. So did his cynical handling of the Bang-Jensen affair. Povl Bang-Jensen, UN senior political affairs officer, interviewed anti-Communist Hungarians in Austria and solemnly promised to protect them and those they had left behind against reprisal. Directed by Hammarskjold to break faith with these men and women by divulging their names, Bang-Jensen refused, although it meant his job. In July 1958, Hammarskjold fired him for "grave errors of judgment and indiscipline." Those accusations were never proved to the satisfaction of Americans who believed that Bang-Jensen had bravely obeyed a higher law, and his subsequent mysterious "suicide" darkened the stain of dishonor on the UN and Hammarskjold.

Soon after his re-election to another five-year term in the spring of 1958, the Secretary-General was handed an opportunity to shine as the foe of colonialism in the Lebanon-Jordan crisis. Disregarding the Anglo-American promise to withdraw from those countries (whose legally constituted governments had asked for help), Hammarskjold pressed for immediate evacuation. Joseph Alsop commented:

> The UN can hurt us, but it is powerless to police or hurt any nation great or small that will not be policed. The truth is that a double standard of international morality, typified by UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold, is now an accepted fact. Hammarskjold and others like him ducked and dodged and pleaded and equivocated in order to avoid anything serious about the bloody massacre in Budapest. But Hammarskjold and the others like him might well have joined to inflict a public humiliation on the United States because of the entirely bloodless, officially invited landing in Lebanon.

The United States withdrew from Lebanon. British opinion enjoyed the official slap from the secular pope the U.S. had helped create. The *New York Times* correspondent commented that "the one participant who has emerged with an unmistakable increase in power and prestige is the Secretary-General."

The UN 'Presence'

The next step was to establish a UN presence in Lebanon and Jordan, which took the form of UN observers appointed by the Secretary-General and directly responsible to him. The subtle concept of "presence," by which Hammarskjold moved to fill the vacuum, perfectly illustrated his style of diplomacy. However vague it might seem, introduction of this "presence" was an effective way of restraining the West and of enforcing neutrality in the nations under UN supervision. Laos clearly illustrated this effect.

When that small Southeast Asian kingdom appealed for UN assistance against Communist *Pathet Lao* raiders in the fall of 1959, Hammarskjold himself boldly carried the "presence" to Laos, moving for the first time without orders from the Security Council or the Assembly and without the explicit consent of the U.S. and

the Soviet Union. An earlier inspection of Laos' rugged border country by a Security Council subcommittee had failed to find conclusive evidence of Vietnamese aggression, for the simple reason, said some, that it did not want to find any.

Hammarskjold urged the release of imprisoned *Pathet Lao* terrorists, discouraged Army sentiment for closer ties with the U.S. and strongly advocated a national policy of "independent neutrality and democratic progress." In this instance, the restraining UN "presence" did not interfere with American policy, but also, it did not hamper the Communist strategy of infiltration and subversion. Taking the long view, the interest of neither Laos nor the U.S. were served, but Hammarskjold's surely were.

Looking back on the accomplishments of 1959, he noted that his special emissaries provided a means of "fast and smooth action which might otherwise not have been opened to the organization." He also noted that his representatives, while sent with the consent of host governments, could be sent by his own order, "without formal decisions of other organs of the United Nations." From the success of his "fast and smooth" action in Lebanon, Jordan and Laos, Hammarskjold conceived the idea of a world-girdling network of personal representatives, who would be stationed permanently in potential trouble areas. That idea is an emerging reality. The Secretary-General's ability to move beyond "presence" to swift armed intervention, as in the Congo, is an accomplished fact.

Because he has become the United Nations ideal incarnate, Hammarskjold is remarkably immune from criticism. Not long ago, the *New York Times'* pundit C. L. Sulzberger wrote that he enjoys "the accepted right to deal directly in the name of the United Nations, representing this earth as a whole. . . ."

Yet he does not move in a void. In an age of global war, a new order cannot be imposed on a region, however remote, without affecting the strategy of the antagonists. Hammarskjold is more than a pacifier; he is a carrier of the gospel of non-involvement. Neutrality may be the best policy available to the newly-emerging nations. But if it means estrangement from the West and its values, neutrality is but a phase in the Soviet strategy of conquest.

In his position, the Secretary-General may assert, neutrality is indispensable. But it is hardly required that the West, by design or default, yield in every instance. It may be advantageous, in the short view, to let the Secretary-General draw the map of the Congo, or dictate the destiny of Laos, but it can ultimately mean disaster.

In fateful 1956, the year of Suez and Hungary, a little-acknowledged book appeared, *Revolution on East River—the Twilight of National Sovereignty*, by James Avery Joyce, a British-born bureaucrat at the UN. Joyce wrote: "Positive neutrality, as we all know, has been a bitter pill for the politically immature to swallow. International democracy is developing its peculiar techniques, and, in the next few years, we must expect some of the fiercest rear-guard actions of an obsolescent state sovereignty to be fought around the duties and powers of the Secretary-General."

Out of obscurity Joyce spoke prophecy, except that he credited the West with an awareness it has not yet displayed. No rear-guard opposes Hammarskjold, his doctrine and his legions, and perhaps none ever will.

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Massachusetts Makes Like Michigan

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is worthy of the nickname by which she is unaffectionately known to her citizens, "Taxachusetts." Despite the fourth highest per capita state and local tax rate in the country, her budget has risen so precipitously each year that today she is nearly a billion dollars in debt—from 25 million in 1946. Uncomfortably aware that further borrowing will seriously threaten Massachusetts' credit rating, her officials are casting about for new methods to increase revenue.

Democratic Governor Foster Furculo has tried, but so far failed, to persuade the legislature to pass a 3 per cent limited sales tax, without which he foresees financial disaster. The levy, exempting food, medicine, children's clothing, rent, electricity, gas, home fuel and insurance, would have brought in an estimated $120 million, of which the state proposed to remit two-thirds to local communities, thus enabling them to reduce property taxes.

There is a general agreement that present rates of property taxation are badly out of line with national conditions and are choking both home ownership and industrial and commercial development. The Federation of Taxpayers Associations sums up the case against this levy: "It is the largest tax we have, equal to all other state and local taxes put together. . . . It is the most burdensome property tax in any American state. . . . It is the most destructive and self-defeating of all our taxes, depressing the values of real property and discouraging new investment in the communities most in need of rebuilding, and so feeding upon itself."

Soon after his first election to office in 1956 Governor Furculo reversed his party's field on the question and began to urge his limited sales tax, for the double purpose of filling the gap in the state revenues and affording some relief from the burden on property. The sales tax has long been one of the principal bogeys of the state's trade unions and Furculo experienced as much opposition in his own party as from the Republican lawmakers in trying to get this measure approved.

The attitude of the legislature seems to reflect an all-too-common mood among American voters: desire for more and costlier public services and unwillingness to pay the bill in the form of higher taxes. Lieutenant-Governor Robert Murphy and Senate leader John Powers have opposed the governor's stand for a sales tax; but both have been ardent champions of popular spending projects.

For some time a coalition economy movement seemed to be making headway in the legislature. Small incisions, totaling a little over one million dollars, were made in some of the governor's pet spending projects, but the movement collapsed ignominiously in dealing with the notoriously padded and patronage-ridden $40 million assigned to the Public Works Department. The legislature, having refused to take the road of economy, also failed to vote the distasteful sales tax. And the situation was saved only through the introduction in the current calendar year of a withholding system of income and corporation tax collection, which amounted to a double clip for the harassed taxpayer who received no forgiveness of taxes due in 1958. But this is a one-shot operation.

It is difficult to see what other source of income could be tapped. There is already a personal income tax that discriminates sharply between "earned" and "unearned" income. Income from wages and salaries is taxed at a flat rate of about 3¼ per cent, with a $2,500 exemption for a married couple and further allowance for dependents. Income from interest and dividends is taxed at 7½ per cent, with no exemption. The only way in which the state could get much more out of the income tax would be to reduce the present exemption and broaden the base of tax payment—a move which would hit the poor more than the well-to-do.

A Cassandra voice that has long protested the deterioration in the financial position of Massachusetts is that of the Federation of Taxpayers Associations. Before his recent sudden death the executive director of this organization, Norman MacDonald, turned a floodlight of publicity on the dark places of the budget. Calling for a "meat-axe" approach to the current budget, he suggested that the contract-letting methods of the Public Works Department be investigated. He referred to the Audit of State Needs as a "warm and expensive haven for spenders and dreamers." The research director of the Federation, Elwyn E. Mariner, pointed out that pensions and retirement allowances to former state employees are more than generous. Such allowances increased from $29 million in 1951 to $57.5 million in 1957, and of this last sum $52.7 million was charged against current taxes. Mr. Mariner regards a figure of $100 million for these allowances (more than 20 per cent of the current budget) as likely for the future.

Undoubtedly some of the cost of state government in Massachusetts is part of a nationwide trend and could not be avoided by the most efficient and incorruptible administration. Just as certainly the former mayor of Boston and governor of Massachusetts, James Michael Curley, left a bad tradition of "taking care of the boys." Instances of inexcusable laxness in awarding disability pensions without ground, in divorcing pension and retirement systems from any actuarial reality, in using contracts as political plums, are not hard to find.

Public needs, like private needs, sometimes have to be stinted, especially in an age when defense poses an inescapable burden of heavy expenditure. One point that seems to emerge from a close-up view of the Massachusetts fiscal picture is that the game of "soak the rich" is about played out. There is wide agreement among tax authorities, in and out of politics, that substantial increases in revenue can come only from a considerable broadening of the base of taxation. Once the public realizes this, the way of the demagogic politician who promises handouts while denouncing higher taxes will be made harder.

Letter from Abroad

Three Gentlemen in Spain

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Three scholars meet near the Escorial—a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an American—and address the foregathered community of conservatives from all over Europe on the problem of Western strategy in the face of the Soviet threat: and the audience, like Europe, like America, sleeps on.

Your correspondent goes every year, if he possibly can, to the Congress of the European Center for Documentation and Information (CEDI), which brings together (as guests of the Spanish section of that organization), from all over Europe, what are pretty certainly the most conservative Conservatives, for several days of quiet and thoughtful discussion near El Escorial. The question is always on your correspondent's mind, why has Europe not generated an anti-Communist intellectual community as alert as can be found among the American Right? There is, he judges, no more vital inquiry to be made, believing as he does that at the margin America might be able to go it alone militarily, yet that we can never win without saving the intellectual and moral resources of the West; and they are rooted in Europe.

One notes the level of seriousness suggested by the titles of the set papers for the first day, and notes, once in the conference room, that the familiar faces wear expressions of unaccustomed gravity: for these men and women are deeply disturbed by the failure of the Summit conference (they had, many of them, expected great things from it); by the events in Turkey and Korea and Japan; and most of all by the news, very bad indeed the last couple of days, from Cuba. Throughout most of this first day they will be obliged, in one way or another, to toy with the possibility that the neat formulas on which they have been relying (to bring everything out all right) are inadeqate to the situation. Only very late in the day, after they have seen a little of what might be involved, intellectually and emotionally, in abandoning the formulas, will they—and their expressions—get back to normal. Happily or unhappily (depending on the point of view), the faces will not, that is to say, be grave tomorrow; and three days hence their owners will pass a set of resolutions that will read as they would have had they not even been present today.

Your correspondent will, accordingly, confine himself for the most part to the events of this first day, namely 1) an address on Communist "cold war" strategy by a distinguished German scholar-journalist, 2) an address on "high-level" conferences by one of the ranking permanent officials of the Spanish government, and 3) an attack on the thesis of the German by one of the American delegates.

Even Pacifism a Weapon

1) *The address on Soviet strategy.* Your correspondent pricks up his ears: What happened in May at Paris is that nothing happened; those who believe that we are in a "new phase" of the "cold war" simply misunderstand Soviet strategy, and the role within it of "peaceful coexistence," of "détentes," of "threats," of "diversions." The great Soviet strategists, beginning with Lenin, have been apt pupils of the great military strategists, especially Clausewitz: they not only accept from him the principle that war is a continuation of politics by other means, but go yet further and assert the total identity of politics and war; peace, and the politics of "peacetime," are for them only war continued not by other but by *all* means.

Pacifism itself becomes a weapon; the détente an immediate means to an immediate advantage; *every* policy, foreign and domestic, an instrument for weakening the enemy—though all under the limitation that the strategy is never pushed so far as to produce a general war. The "cold war" is the "sustained and omnipresent continuation of a worldwide conflict between the Communist world and the remainder of world society, with reliance now upon massive military force as a threat or a means of exerting pressure, now on military engagement (limited, however, both geographically and technically), and now upon withdrawal (whenever the cold war seems about to generate into a universal nuclear war that might jeopardize the existence and future of the Communist world itself)." That is the reality, and—for we are at last about to find out where the speaker is going—"one of the principal weaknesses that prevents us from mastering events and winning the cold war lies in the fact that knowledge and recognition of this meaning of the cold war is not more widespread." Into this picture of reality we must fit the use the Soviets make of the underdeveloped peoples and the colonial issue, the conflicts of interest among the capitalist nations, the class and intergroup struggle within each capitalist nation. In each of these areas, means are carefully adapted to immediate ends, which are themselves subordinated to the ultimate end: complete victory over the enemy. Everything must, and does, contribute to the "broadening and deepening of Soviet power and the Soviet sphere of influence"; and this calls, among other things, for that moment-to-moment strategy which the enemy least expects, which exploits his weaknesses; for flexibility and "zigzag"; for never repeating a maneuver that has once failed. It calls, finally, for undermining the "vital force" of the enemy, as represented by the bases of his

social and intellectual life, and for contenting oneself, in the short term when immediate victory is impossible, with tipping the balance, however slightly, in one's own favor. And the speaker repeats: *All this, though obvious, is little understood*—perhaps because of its "monumental incredibility," the "iron and almost inhuman logic with which it is applied." But we must learn, if we are to survive, to surmount the obstacles to our understanding the resulting state of affairs: "it is the dominant fact of our time, and none can escape it."

The West as Frankenstein

2) *The address by a high Spanish official* (topic: "The Results of High-Level Conferences"): "For the first time since the West began to play along with the Soviet game of high-level conferences," he begins (and now your correspondent, who has not heard talk like that since he sailed from New York in September, really pricks up his ears), "we have had a meeting which has *not* resulted in an open retreat by the West and a net advance by the USSR. For the first time also we have had a meeting which, though it changed nothing, exposed, for all to see, the reality of our situation—disagreeable, to be sure, but that, let us remind ourselves, is no reason for denying it. For the first time, finally, we have had a meeting which creates the hope that at last we shall begin to deal with that reality as we should have dealt with it all along." (The delegates, sure that he is about to speak of what "we" must do about the uncommitted countries, have not yet pricked up their ears; but they soon will.)

"Given our mode of dealing with it in the past, there was nothing to negotiate about except the date for that burial of the West which Khrushchev had predicted—or, failing that, the precise scope of the latest Western withdrawal." "The effect of each and every negotiation in the past had been merely to postpone the rearmament of the West, and give the Soviets more time to complete and perfect theirs." "The worst symptom of our predicament, however, is not the strength of the enemy, but our own weakness . . . the conspicuous absence of the courage we would need in order to face *the unpleasant reality that we ourselves have created.* . . . Having brought the Soviet monster into being with its own hands, the West now trembles before its own destiny. It knows very well that failure to resist the ever-growing demands of the Communists must result in its extinction. But the other alternative —atomic war—is too frightful to contemplate."

The neutralists, he insists, merely articulate unambiguously the axioms upon which "we" in fact rely in making policy: "They [the neutralists] have no illusions about the kind of life that awaits them under Soviet domination. . . . But the destructive potentialities of atomic war are the final argument. . . . They are prepared to sacrifice the other values of life in order to stave off dying; to stave off dying is, for them, the unique and supreme value. . . . Distinctions between good and evil no longer have any meaning for them . . . nor do religion, or justice, or government for the sake of the common good, or respect for human personality, or liberty. . . . Since Russia is capable of precipitating an atomic war, the only solution is to oppose Russia in nothing." But, he repeats, it is we, not the neutralists, who have been making policy, and the tacit presuppositions of *our* policy are not so different from *their* explicit principles: "Moral suicide, collective treason, carried out with cool deliberation, against everything that once constituted our patrimony of moral values—anything to avoid the risk of physical death." As for himself, he will have none of it: "Physical death is, in any case, the law of all existence, and I ask why atomic death should be more frightening than other kinds of death. The fact that it comes simultaneously to large numbers of human beings, instead of coming to them one at a time—the fact that it alters the rhythm of destruction? We are, in order to avoid *that,* to write off all spiritual and moral values?"

No, he hastens to add, he is *not* warmongering: "To accept the risk of an atomic war is *not* to bring one about; and may well avoid one. The Communists also fear such a war. They, however, have, we may be sure, taken the measure of the risk, as they have shown the willingness to accept it. We merely tell ourselves that atomic war is horrible, and let it go at that. But the only alternative to accepting the risk is pressing forward on the path of treason."

But he has saved up the worst for his peroration: "The suspicion arises unavoidably that the trajectory History has followed in recent years, suggesting as it does that History is engaged in a conspiracy against the West, has *not* been determined by the operation of blind and irresistible historical forces, but by a meeting of minds—minds, moreover, perfectly conscious of the ends they serve. *Our* task is to devise a scheme of action that will twist that trajectory in another direction. But we shall not perform that task by trying to persuade the Communists to change their attitude towards the one obstacle that stands in their way, namely, the survival-up-to-now of that which once was, and still calls itself, the Western world." And, finally: "It was our own folly that created the Soviet Empire to begin with, that then saved it from immi-

nent destruction, then exended it into vital areas of Europe and vast reaches of Asia, then gave it the means with which it may become the leading atomic power in the world. Our only salvation lies in renouncing that folly, and bringing to bear against the Communists an energy equivalent to their own. . . . That means, first, developing our military power to the maximum, and second, coordinating Western political action on a basis of completely shared *risk* (since the risk increases in proportion as some of us refuse to share it). We are all in the same boat, and the individual who thinks he can get ashore on his own is deceiving himself."

These are the two set speeches for the opening session; not until late in the day, according to CEDI custom, will there be time for "interventions" from the floor, and even then, past experience has shown, not nearly enough time for all who wish to speak. But today it is different: only two delegates—one from the American delegation, one from the French delegation (who, as it turns out, wishes only to change the subject), have inscribed themselves on the speakers' roster.

American Magnanimity

3) The speech by an American delegate: "I address myself primarily to the analysis of Communist strategy by our colleague from Germany, only incidentally to the masterly treatment of high-level conferences by our colleague from Spain; and I try to speak not for myself but for the American Right as I understand it. All that our friend from Germany says about Soviet strategy is, of course, correct; and it is good that we should remind ourselves, from time to time, that that is indeed the enemy's own picture of what he is doing. But I shrink both from the tacit premises that underlie the analysis, and from the inference that our friend from Germany seeks to draw from it. The Soviets have, certainly, been winning; it seems natural to conclude—and so to assume for purposes of further discussion—that *therefore* their strategy is brilliant, and that we shall save ourselves from it only by learning to understand it better and, ultimately, by imitating it.

"In point of fact, however, as our friend from Spain has intimated, the Soviet 'victories' of these years cannot be explained in terms of Soviet strategy, less still in terms of Western ignorance of Soviet strategy; and the strategy is, in point of fact, a stupid strategy, which in and of itself has failed everywhere it has been tried. It is a stupid strategy because, first, it relies for its success on the stupidity of the enemy, who is not likely to be, and is not—even if he is a high-level American bureaucrat—so stupid as not to comprehend the strategy. (The main points of what we have heard are, I believe I am correct in saying, commonplaces even in left-wing American discussions of Communism). And it is a stupid strategy because, second, there is on the record no reason to think that it would work even if the enemy *were* all that stupid—unless in addition to his stupidity, his inability to understand what is being done to him, the enemy contributed his generous and willing cooperation (in which case the strategy would be unnecessary).

"Let us face it—which we are not likely to do if too much preoccupied with Soviet strategy: The so-called Soviet victories of these years have been the product not of Soviet strategy, but of the magnanimity of America—for our Spanish friend is overkind to the United States when he implies that the entire West is at fault. The responsibility, I say, is that of *American* policy-makers; that is, of the proclivity of American policy-makers for giving things to the Communists that, in the absence of that proclivity, their strategy never could have won for them. Yesterday they did it in China. Last evening they did it in Indo-China. Today they are doing it in Japan and Cuba. Tomorrow, make no mistake about it, they will be doing it—will unless they are restrained from the only quarter that might restrain them, which is Europe—in Berlin. *Your* problem is not Moscow's strategy, but Washington's incapacity to say 'No' to Moscow; and *your* salvation—for which you have perhaps your last chance in the present Presidential election in the United States—lies in prevailing upon Washington to learn to say 'No.'"

The ordeal of the delegates is over. None of them, in the course of the numerous interventions of the next two days, will refer, unless in passing, *either* to Soviet strategy, *or* to the West's unavoidable choice between the risking of atomic war and occupation by the USSR, *or* to American policy-makers as the heart of Europe's problems. Those are not things that Europeans, even very conservative and intellectually brilliant Europeans (except Spaniards) like to talk about when they are together. The next speaker sketches in for them the major myths of phony anti-Communism—the uncommitted countries, the clash between the USSR and Red China, the tensions within the Soviet Union, the "unpopularity" (alas!) of the United States; and the delegates are back at home——to talk, as they proceed to do, about European unity, about economic aid to Africa, about the need to raise standards of living, and, not very secretively, about this or that means of levying for these purposes upon the bounty of the United States. By the end of the third day, when we all go into Madrid to be entertained by the Lord Mayor (with a luxury that only very poor countries can afford), the expressions on those faces are, as I said before, quite relaxed.

Back to our questions: The prognosis is, on all counts, unfavorable.

Forand Against

Louis Quatorze
Had amours by the scores,
And in youth was a bit of a
bounder.

Affairs *de la coeur*
Had him jinxed, as it were,
But in finance his judgment was
sounder.

Frugal with charity,
Lou claimed its rarity
Stemmed from the noblest of
objects:

"The truth of the thing
Is that alms from a King
Are too hard on the purse of
his sobjects!"

ELEANOR MELLICHAMP SMITH

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

"New Men" or Whole Men?

DURING this lull between the conventions and the unleashing of the full power of the election campaign, while the actors maneuver for position on the floor of Congress and the threatening Soviet thunder plays obligato from the four corners of the earth, we may do well to consider an aspect of the state of the nation that it will be difficult to keep in perspective in the hurly-burly between Labor Day and Election Day. It is a chilling development, long heralded but now materialized in our politics in full substance: the emergence of the machine-made man as claimant for primacy in our polity.

When the shouting dies down, after the votes are counted and the verdict rendered—and whatever the outcome may be—conservatives will be confronted with the unhuman phenomenon of a President whose effective opinions are automatically derived by a slide-rule out of the material the poll-takers automatically present, a President whose personal style is externally created by the impersonal prescriptions of the television system. And the conservative will face this reality, no matter how he decides the agonizing question whether to support the Republican Presidential candidate as the putative lesser evil, or to conclude that between Nixon and Kennedy there is no significant choice. It will confront him even if it it true, as Nixon's friends continue to tell us, that deep down in the innermost recesses, Nixon's heart is in the right place. It is impossible to play the game of poll-takers and calculating machines and television cameras year after year, to accommodate every movement and gesture to their demand, and to retain the integrity of inner belief in a way that can have any practical import.

THE POINT is not that Nixon and Kennedy are identical. Obviously there are differences of emphasis—considerable differences—between the outright Galbraithianism in domestic affairs, the Bowlesian stance in foreign policy that Kennedy projects, and the slower movement towards the welfare state and coexistence that in general distinguishes Nixon. The point is that even if there is a meaningful tactical choice for conservatives between them, they jointly represent a phenomenon which conservatives must combat at a deeper level than the surface play of political combinations. They represent the end-product of decades of the reduction of the political to the achievement of power by the pure calculus of material interests (Who Gets What, When, How, as Professor Harold D. Lasswell has put it in the title of a very widely authoritative textbook on politics).

Of course, such problems have always had to be considered by statesmen and politicians alike. But what was once secondary and instrumental to beliefs and principles, even when only implicitly held, has been taught in the positivist Academy, which is the oracular precinct and sacred fane of our society, as the total content and approved end of politics. The ideal of the political man becomes the man who can most effectively calculate the means to power, power regarded as an end in itself.

WE ARE told these Kennedys and Nixonfellers are the "new men," the sort of leaders demanded by our technological age; that this is the situation to which we must adjust ourselves; that if conservatism is to survive it must find a way to express its principles in the terms of this situation. This is an impossibility. These are not surface conditions, mere forms of existence in which old and true principles can be expressed in new ways. This is a revolt against the constitution of being itself. It is the American form of the twentieth-century revolution of nihilistic denial of man's nature.

The conservative may temporarily, on the practical political level, work within its power system, but he cannot accept its assumptions and adjust himself to it as the continuing basis of his thought and action. His aim must be to destroy it, to overturn its assumptions and return society to a proper understanding of the relations of power to principle, of man's true ends.

For this struggle there can be no easy prescriptions. There is some justice in the claims of those who maintain that conservatives have not sufficiently worked out the concrete forms in which conservative principle can be realized most effectively in mid-twentieth-century material conditions. But this is not, I think, the major problem. The main political and economic lines of this application to modern conditions exist in the principles of limited government embodied in the Constitution and the principles of a free economy represented today by the Chicago and Austrian economists. In the philosophical, moral and esthetic realms, the whole tradition of the West lies open to us. In all these fields there has been, during the past half-dozen years, a burst of creative conservative energy on the intellectual level that is far ahead of the achievement of conservatism in the practical political world. And that creative activity continues.

THE REALITIES of the twentieth century are perfectly apparent to those who share in this creative activity. Where the form of material reality only is involved, they have recognized it and continue to recognize it; but they cannot—no conservative can—accept a large part of its intellectual substance. History contains no inevitabilities, and no matter how enshrined may be the dehumanizing concepts which have so far dominated this century, they are not invincibly borne forward upon an irresistible wave of the future.

Our primary imperative is to vindicate man in his full dimension, taking his direction not from the movement of material forces but from eternal principle. The "new man" is a grotesque caricature; politically, as in all of life, not he, but, in Senator Goldwater's phrase, "the whole man," subordinating material circumstances to his created destiny, is the ideal towards which the conservative turns and for which he fights.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Totalitarian Liberalism at MSU

"Michigan State," says a wag, "isn't a cow college any longer. Nowadays it's Michigan's udder university." Several years ago, Michigan State College (East Lansing) assumed the dignity of Michigan State University, which ever since has vexed the partisans of the august University of Michigan (Ann Arbor).

Other matters, too, have been altered at MSU. The university still is governed by a body called the State Board of Agriculture. Once upon a time, most members of this board were farmers, or had some connection with rural life. But in 1960 only one farmer survives among the six members of the Board: Mr. Frank Merriman, an intelligent, personable, youngish MSU alumnus who tills two hundred acres near Deckerville. Mr. Merriman, a Republican, is having his troubles with the other five members of the Board—all of them Democrats elected during the glorious reign of Governor Mennen Williams.

One of these Democratic members is Mr. Don Stevens, educational director [read political propagandist] of the Michigan AFL-CIO; another is Mr. Jan B. VanderPloeg, a union stalwart. These gentlemen have made up their minds that MSU shall be a New Jerusalem of the Age of Reuther.

Recently there was mighty agitation at MSU to abolish compulsory ROTC. The faculty senate voted for abolition; but after heated discussion, the Board of Agriculture determined to continue to require two years of ROTC of all male students. What was most interesting about the affair was the behavior of Board members Stevens and VanderPloeg. Instead of acting as trustees, they became agitators for change: Mr. Stevens harangued a meeting of students *after* the Board had made its decision, still urging the abolition of ROTC. "He talked about students in Korea and a lot of other things that didn't have anything to do with the issue," says Mr. Merriman. Mr. VanderPloeg joined himself to a group of faculty people, actively urging them to insist upon a policy on which he himself was supposed to rule. "The vicious part of it," Mr. Merriman observes, "is that the board is making policy that will affect higher education in Michigan for many, many years."

Aye, Mr. Reuther and the CIO hierarchy planned it that way. The totalist Liberals are already calling the tune at this state university. This year, Mr. Harry Truman gave the commencement address, at the Board's invitation. Last year, Dr. John Hannah, the empire-building president of MSU, asked the Board to invite General MacArthur to address the graduating class. But the Democrats on the Board rose up full of righteous indignation. "There'll be no politics injected into the program," their spokesman said. General MacArthur was not invited.

The Faculty Too

This triumph of doctrinaire Lib-Labs on the Board of Agriculture has been paralleled by the triumph of ritualistic Liberalism among the faculty. Twenty years ago MSC was rather a political backwater, its faculty generally conservative, its students positively reactionary. (In 1937, the students fought a pitched battle on Michigan Avenue with the goon squads of UAW, tossing the stormtroopers of the union's "flying squadrons" into the Red Cedar River.) But since MSC began to swell under President Hannah's management, the political complexion has been embellished with rouge. Six years ago, it was revealed that Communist cells at MSC had been training students to penetrate and proselytize in the automobile factories of Flint. (There, however, the workers detected the Communist agents and tossed them out the gates.) Less virulent forms of socialist revolt still prevail among the discontented faculty.

A year ago, the faculty senate voted overwhelmingly to demand repeal of the loyalty oath required in the National Defense Education Act. For some years, speakers invited to the campus have hewn, almost without exception, to the Liberal line. These and other indications that MSU is dominated—among the faculty—by a clique of ritualistic Liberals and people further to the left has provoked the forming of a Conservative Club at the university.

Two professors of natural science, Dan Stewart and John Moore, are the club's sponsors; there are 52 student charter members. Dr. Stewart remarks that "there appears to be a disappearance of conservative-minded teachers at MSU. We feel the conservative point of view is not being presented as it might be." The two professors say frankly, "We find it more than sheer chance that there would be so many teachers accumulated at MSU who would find it repugnant for a student to take an oath of loyalty to his country."

It is more than sheer chance. Anyone who has observed the processes of recruitment in the vast "social science" departments of MSU, or the policies of promotion in certain other departments, for instance, must note that it pays to be a Liberal—or something more than a Liberal. And one conservative professor after another has been nudged off the campus to some less enlightened college.

President Hannah is no radical; he has held various posts in the Eisenhower Administration. Ignorant of political theory, however, and busy increasing enrollments at whatever cost in money and standards, he has been blind or indifferent to the rise of a radically-tinged faculty clique. Now he may have to pay for his negligence: the faculty is passing resolutions of protest against his policies. If, overnight, you convert a sleepy cow-college into what *Time* calls "a football-happy giant," there are certain prices you have to pay. A prudent faculty is one thing you must sacrifice. And another is reputation for scholarship. Of the 807 winners of National Merit Scholarships in 1960, not one chose Michigan State as his first preference.

Win, Place, or Lose?

JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE

What is the fundamental fact of our time in the field of relations among nations? Dr. Charles Malik of Lebanon, former President of the United Nations General Assembly, puts it this way: "I view the decisiveness of the present moment in history as consisting of the life-and-death struggle between International Communism, not only or even primarily as an economic system, but as a total outlook on life, and the rest of the world, especially the Western World, and in the Western World especially in the United States of America." That's a long sentence, but it makes sense.

In his comprehensive study of the period between World War II and the present, Hugh Seton-Watson grasps this central fact. His book *Neither War Nor Peace* (Praeger, $7.50) is a clear and rational analysis of the forces that have shaped these turbulent years. He offers no stirring solutions to the problems of the West. That is not his purpose. His purpose is to expose what has happened, why it happened and how it happened. And this he does admirably. His study ranges over the whole spectrum of of late developments in Asia, the Middle East, Europe, the United States, Latin America. To one who has kept fairly well abreast of the events of our time there will be little that is new. But it is all assembled here and it is relatively easy to read, even if the type is small. It is therefore a good reference book for those who want to catch up; and it has none of the fuzzy language that afflicts so many serious studies by experts.

Seton-Watson's analysis of the central problem of our time goes like this:

> The cold war is not a Western policy, but a state of affairs, and results from the basic Soviet attitude. The Soviet Union is in a permanent state of war, which may or may not become violent, with the West. To "stop the cold war" is possible in one of two ways. One is that the Soviet leaders should finally abjure their aims of world socialist revolution. This they have never done, and it is unlikely that the present generation of leaders will. . . . The other possibility is that Western governments should give up all resistance to Soviet policies. . . .
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> There is no reason why the West should not successfully endure the condition of permanent warfare (cold warfare) without a shooting war, and survive until, whether through evolution or revolution, men come to power in the Soviet Union who genuinely renounce totalitarian imperialism.

So we can have peace if the Communists voluntarily surrender their intentions or are overthrown by their own people. Or we can surrender.

This is a sort of "in-between" view that is widely current. There is another on a different side. Isaac Deutscher expresses it in his new book (Oxford, $2.75) *The Great Contest* (he should have called it *There's No Contest*). Billed as a "specialist in Russian affairs," he is obviously convinced that the Soviet Communist system is here to stay and that its coming was inevitable. To the uninitiated, his analysis may sound like the objective estimate of an expert; but it is a dream world which he presents for our future.

"The Russians have already discovered that they need freedom," he says, "if only to be socially efficient. In the years to come they will be discovering that the doses of freedom their rulers grant are too small and meagre. They will clamor for more and, I think, the rulers will have to meet the demand. As I see it, the coming decade will bring the gradual enlargement of civil liberty." On what evidence? None. The only evidence discernible for Deutscher's opinions and "I thinks" appear to come from the claims of the Soviet Union itself. His complete acceptance of their statistical proof of their rapidly increasing productivity is a case in point.

Well, how should the West respond to the Soviet challenge of "competitive coexistence"?

> The West . . . may cling to outdated institutions and social forms; or it may embark on a bold search for new models of organization and upon radical changes in the framework of society. . . . Competitive coexistence may yet change from bitter competition into cooperative emulation. That is certainly the only hope. The alternative may be mutual extermination . . .
>
> If the choice is, as it appears to be, between co-existence and co-suicide, between Utopia and mankind's self annihilation (in deciding whether to accept the Soviet proposal for total disarmament by all without inspection) is it not more courageous, more worthy of the human race—and is it not safer also—to opt for Utopia and try to make of it a reality?

How do you read that? I read it to mean that if the West does not change its "institutions and social forms" to suit the Communists we will be exterminated. If we are not willing to disarm and take Soviet disarmament on faith, then all hope for "Utopia" will be destroyed. Therefore it is "more courageous" to surrender to the Soviets than to oppose them.

That's another view. Deutscher believes that this process of Communist advance has been inevitable and we might as well accommodate ourselves to it. Let us return to Dr. Malik for a moment. He says, "If you believe that all of these developments of the fifties of the twentieth century *could not have been helped, then you are already a Marxist.* For Marx, Lenin and Khrushchev hold firmly that the iron laws of history are precisely such that whatever happens,

Communism will come out on top. . . . The only hope, therefore, is to believe on the basis of truth and not of darkness or sentiment or dogmatism that nothing of what has transpired was inevitable, and that everything could have been prevented or reversed."

How? This is where Salvador de Madariaga's *The Blowing Up of the Parthenon* (Praeger, $2.95) comes in. "The reality with which we are dealing," writes de Madariaga, "is not the hot, but the cold war. It follows that we should *never jeopardize our chances to win the cold war!*" To *win* the cold war! That is another view. Mr. Deutscher wants us to default it. Mr. Seton-Watson wants us to stalemate it. Mr. Madariaga wants us to win it.

Mr. de Madariaga would have us give up the fruitless conferences over coexistence which always lead to our march backward, and seek to establish the return of liberty in the world by means short of war. He even proposes that the Communist world be set free again. He does not believe that the people behind the Iron Curtain will accommodate themselves to Communism nor does he wishfully hope that Communist tyranny will sometime discover that freedom is "more efficient." Says he, "Coexistence then, for the East, is a way of buying time for the inevitable settlement of accounts between capitalism and Communism. . . . What is wanted is an official statement by the Western Powers as clear as that of the Congress of the Pan-European Movement . . . '(we) demand free elections under an international control for the people placed between the Iron Curtain and the Soviet Union as a previous condition of world peace.'"

To return again to Dr. Malik. What he says seems to be the only realistic policy for a West that wishes to stay free:

> An active policy of liberation is the essence of any sound Western program in the coming years. . . . The flame of freedom must be kept burning in the souls of the oppressed. The hope of liberation must never be allowed to fade away from their hearts. I am yet to hear one Western leader who, assured to his face that he is doomed and will be "buried" . . . musters the courage and conviction . . . [to reply] that the days of Communism are numbered and that Communism will one day be completely forgotten. The deepest crisis of the West is the crisis of faith in its own values.

Deutscher has lost faith in those values. Seton-Watson believes in them, but doesn't want to do much about them. De Madariaga wants to re-express that faith in action to seek victory for liberty in the world. I'm with him.

The World of D. H. Lawrence

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In his *D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the Triumph of Art* (Northwestern University Press, $4.75), Eliseo Vivas accepts a man-sized challenge. His problem is to explain how a shoddy thinker and third-rate prophet can be at the same time a major artist. The explanation, which grapples closely with the mystery of what happens in the creative mind to transform raw experience into the true substance of art, is as satisfactory as word limitations allow. But Mr. Vivas' success raises another problem: he makes Lawrence seem much more interesting in his failures than in his esthetic triumphs.

Does this suggest that "perfection" achieved at the cost of self-imposed limitations is scarcely worth the price of the accepted discipline? As one who has always been more interested in ideas about life than in ideas about art, this reviewer is probably in a poor strategic position to answer his own question. The study of esthetics, to me, has always seemed something less than a full-time occupation for a lively mind.

Since Mr. Vivas has an extremely lively mind himself, he cannot keep from ranging all over the lot. His main points about *Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, which he rates as Lawrence's three artistic triumphs, are easily summarized. In his "great" novels Lawrence for the most part kept the proper esthetic distance between himself and his characters. Neither Paul Morel in *Sons and Lovers* nor the contrasted sisters in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* are regarded as pegs on which to hang dissertations. Ideas are implicit in the best of Lawrence. And where they are implicit, they seem to relate to the characters whose feelings and thought processes are being presented in dramatic form. What Lawrence thinks about the people he has brought into being by transmuting *matter for art* into the *substance of art* (italics suggested by Mr. Vivas) is not at issue. Or not obviously at issue, at any rate.

But if *Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* are satisfactory evocations of the efforts of some early twentieth-century English people to accept sex as a sacred mystery, or as a manifestation of the life force that should not be degraded by taking it as either trivial or obscene, they tend to pall as one grows older. I have gone back to Lawrence's "best" on occasion, but not so much for the "psychologics" as for Lawrence's ability to write about the wider nature that surrounds human nature. To the extent that one has achieved a mature sex relationship of his or her own, Lawrence's ideas about love somehow recede in importance. When one has grown up, the genitals and mammary glands do not rate as 24-hour propositions.

But Lawrence's attempts to grapple with the problems of man as a social animal are something else again. Everybody knows that if the earth is to support its teeming millions it must have recourse to the methods of science in general and to the machine in particular. But everybody knows, too, that a preoccupation with the mechanics of existence stifles the human being as an end-seeking entity. Lawrence, an "archaic" man, resented the foreground of modern urban and industrial life because it keeps people from feeling the mystery and the wonder that are at the back of all we survey. Lord Kelvin may have thought that when he had measured something, or had worked out its "laws," he had solved the only interesting problem. But to Lawrence the fact that the speed of light, for example, can be set forth arithmetically was supremely uninteresting. The measurement of the thing did not

explain its wonder, which he wished to experience directly without the intervention of yardstick or clock.

Hence Lawrence's towering rages against the whole apparent drift of modern life, which is based on scientific calculation. The rages caused him to berate certain characters in his later novels. They also pushed him into an unconsidered partiality for any phony prophet who considered that salvation can be had by ignoring or dispensing with the machine. No doubt the moral strictures, the crudely expressed hatreds and the easy acceptance of flimflam salvationists in breech clout and feathered headdress do much to destroy the artistic equipoise of practically all of Lawrence's later work. But they make this work interesting precisely because the problems that are raised by Lawrence's rages and partialities are so far-reaching and so stubborn that we cannot evade them.

Mr. Vivas offers *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as one of Lawrence's more interesting failures. But as a failure it is far more engrossing, to me, than either *The Rainbow* or *Women in Love*. Lawrence apparently considered that his presentation of Connie Chatterley's dalliance with the gamekeeper contained a message of universal relevance. But, despite the author's intention, the true value of the book does not reside in its sex-as-solution thinking. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* makes for poignant reading precisely because it raises problems for which the human race has never found any satisfactory solution. When a man loses his virility because of a shell wound in a senseless war it is a matter for infinite compassion, not for sneering. As the creator of Clifford Chatterley, impotent English aristocrat, Lawrence may have thought he was presenting a contemptible figure. But the creation ran away with him. What he actually succeeded in doing in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was to force his readers to confront some of the terrible enigmas of life for which sex-as-sacred-mystery contains no answer.

Connie wronged her husband by deserting him for the gamekeeper. But Connie was forced to wrong her husband by a cosmic wrong which took no account of the tides of her being. The terrifying thing about Clifford's mutilation is not that it was visited upon him by the "machine," as represented by modern armaments. (After all, cave men were also mutilated on occasion by the weapons and catastrophes of their times.) The truly terrifying thing about Clifford's predicament is that the cosmos, which contains many accidents, pays such little attention to the aspirations of some men. In dealing with the psychological results of one particular cosmic affront, Lawrence wrote a more challenging book than he himself planned. By the same token he demonstrated that one does not have to go back to the archaic world to know that there is terror in the universe that exists quite apart from the "machine."

Mr. Vivas invests all of Lawrence's "failures" with continuing interest. This asks its own question: what is one to make of an esthetic that considers a many-dimensioned provocation to be a mark of failure while the creation of a far simpler "constitutive symbol" is taken to be a great success? I am sure that Mr. Vivas is right, esthetically speaking, about his rating of Lawrence's novels. But I am also sure that one does not read for esthetic satisfaction alone if one is at all curious about the human predicament.

Glimpses of Mao's Unhistory

KARL A. WITTFOGEL

THE PERSONAL HISTORY of a Communist autocrat is a matter of supreme political importance. Exercising total power within his realm, the autocrat also lays claim to total perfection. And being uniquely equipped to achieve this aim ("who controls the present, controls the past"), he projects his current image backward to earlier phases of his career—and even to the days of his youth.

For the USSR, Bertram D. Wolfe has traced this process of idolization in a model analysis of Stalin as "a man who has succeeded in inventing himself" ("Operation Rewrite," *Foreign Affairs*, October 1952). For Communist China, Richard L. Walker has shown its maturation and climax in an illuminating study, "Chairman Mao and the Cult of Personality" (*Encounter*, June 1960). Like Stalin, Mao too is inventing himself. The recklessness of his effort becomes fully apparent when we turn from the recent scene depicted by Professor Walker to the over-all political record that supposedly is documented in the official edition of his *Selected Works*, which has been appearing since 1951 under Mao's personal editorship. A critical study of the text reveals that Mao has altered his writings and speeches to such an extent that any similarity between the official version and the originals is often purely accidental.

The analyst who endeavors to establish the truth behind the facade of Mao's *Selected Works* is confronted with enormous difficulties. But he encounters still greater obstacles when he tries to obtain an authentic picture of Mao's early years. For here he is dealing with events that in many cases have not been included in any public record. And most of the persons who knew Mao as a boy or student and who are still alive cannot talk freely. Living in Mainland China they keep silent or contribute to the official legend.

THIS BEING SO, we can easily comprehend the significance of the account of Mao's student days given in *Mao Tse-tung and I Were Beggars* (Syracuse University Press, $6.00). The author, Siao-yu (standard English transcription: Hsiao Yu), is the director of the Sino-International Library, located first in Geneva, but, since Switzerland's recognition of Red China, in Montevideo, Uruguay. Lin Yutang in his foreword assures us that Professor Siao is qualified to speak of the young Mao, but this is scarcely necessary. Mao himself acknowledges this fact—none too gra-

ciously—in the only published autobiographical account of his life, that given to Edgar Snow in 1936.

Mao was born in 1893. In 1913 (not 1912, as the otherwise careful editor of Siao's book, Professor Raymond F. Piper, states) he entered the Provincial First Normal School in Changsha, Hunan, where for the first time he met Siao, a senior student. Mao was graduated from this institution in June 1918 (Siao was then teaching at a Changsha elementary school). The two young men remained in contact for another eight years; but their relations seem to have been closest during Mao's student days and a brief time thereafter.

From 1919 Mao and Siao followed different political paths. The gap between them widened in 1921, the year Mao participated in the founding of the Communist Party of China. Their final alienation occurred when the Communists and the Kuomintang, of which Siao was a non-Communist member, violently turned against each other at the end of the first United Front period.

In his 1936 account, conveniently referred to as his Autobiography, Mao speaks with unconcealed hostility of "this fellow, Hsiao Yu," who "later became a Kuomintang official in Nanking." But interestingly, he says more about Siao than about any other member of his Changsha group, and this although most of these others, like himself, became Communists. Mao recalls that when he "set out across the province by foot and journeyed through five counties"—in the summer of 1917—he traveled with Siao, but he fails to explain why he chose as his companion just "this fellow," and no one else. Quite plausibly, Siao states that in those days he was "Mao Tse-tung's best friend."

We need not, either for this reason or because Siao still speaks with a certain warmth of his former friend, accept every word of his tale as absolute truth. Siao considers his memory excellent, and this may well be so. But the historian knows the fallibility of all recollection. And since Siao is highly critical of Mao's Communist development, we should take his report of their political debates with a grain of salt. However, prior to the fall of 1918 their disagreements were minor; and while Siao definitely tells his story from his own point of view, he portrays Mao, not as a devil, but as a quite human young man. Compared with Mao's account of their relationship Siao's story seems by far the more credible.

Mao asserts that both on his father's and his mother's side, he comes from "peasant families." This claim has received wide currency. Professor Robert C. North, who has provided the historical notes to Siao's book, uncritically accepts it together with other problematic items in Mao's Autobiography.

The speed with which Mao's father advanced from a "poor peasant" to a wealthy rural businessman indicates a more complicated background and, initially, a higher social status. In discussing the "half-plough, half-study" character of a family by the name of Ho, Siao stresses the "good education" they gave their son, Hu-tzu. He adds: "Mao's family as well as mine were in the same category." And he also notes proudly that his great-grandfather served as a tutor in the family of Tseng Kuo-fan, one of the most distinguished representatives of China's scholarly bureaucracy in the mid-nineteenth century.

Siao's comments fit perfectly the situation of China's bureaucratic gentry whose members, in times of distress, could and did engage in farming. Mao is understandably reticent on these matters. He mentions only one maternal relative—a cousin, who studied in a school attended in the main by the "sons of landlords." (Mao also went there for a while.) Later, Mao states, this cousin became "a member of the gentry." Siao notes that Mao had an uncle, Wang Chi-fang, who was a dean in the Provincial First Normal School. In 1958, China's most illustrious defector from Communism (and once Mao's rival for party leadership), Chang Kuo-t'ao, told me personally that Mao was of the "Hunan gentry."

Traditionally this background would be nothing to be ashamed of; most of China's great cultural achievements were accomplished by members of this class. But since the Communists won't have it that way, it is worth noting that Siao's story—quite naively, to be sure—tears another hole in the official myth of Mao's "peasant" origin.

I CANNOT discuss all the facts Siao gives on Mao's pre-Communist political views. For the record I will, however, mention a few. In 1936 Mao reminisced that while he was studying at the Changsha Normal School his mind was "a curious mixture of ideas of liberalism, democratic reformism and Utopian Socialism." According to Siao, Mao's political beginnings were not so Liberal. For some time Mao admired Yuan Shih-kai, a reactionary militarist who from 1912 to 1915 was president of China and in 1915-16 briefly restored the monarchy. Siao also remembers that during the early days of World War I Mao had "a special respect for Germany and Japan" and "adored Bismarck and Wilhelm II."

Speaking of the New People's Study Society, which eventually became a feeder for the Communist Party and the Socialist (Communist) Youth Corps, Mao told Snow that "with some other friends, I helped to found [it]." Siao remembers that Mao indeed wrote the first explanatory letter, but that he (Siao) made the crucial first organizational suggestion and

Books of Interest

A Humane Economy, by Wilhelm Roepke (Regnery, $5.00). A presentation, by one of the major architects of the revival of West Germany, of his concept of the foundations of a free economy.

Born Free, by Joy Adamson (Pantheon, $4.95). A wonderful story about a lioness.

Thomas Wolfe, by Elizabeth Nowell (Doubleday, $5.95). A thorough and revealing account of Wolfe and of his great editor, Max Perkins.

Ceremony in Lone Tree, by Wright Morris (Atheneum, $4.00). A novel about a family of the Great Plains, exploring what it means to be a Westerner.

The Young Disraeli, by B. R. Jerman. An urbane and skillful book on the great English Conservative prime minister as young novelist, containing a great deal of new material.

drafted the rules of the association. "Mao read them over without making any comment."

The most romantic episode in the Siao-Mao friendship seems to have been the long hike they made together in 1917. This youthful adventure is the core of Siao's book; and, as already stated, Mao mentions it in his Autobiography. Mao specifically recalls three points: 1) they made the hike "without using a single copper," 2) "the peasants fed us and gave us a place to sleep," and 3) "wherever we went we were kindly treated and welcomed."

MAO, the future chairman of China's rural soviets, being welcomed, fed, and sheltered by the peasants—this makes a fine propaganda story. But somehow it does not ring true. In 1917 Mao was not interested in any peasant movement (he became interested in the political potential of the peasantry only in the twenties); and attending a relatively modern school, he was far removed from the old-fashioned peasant values. In a passage in his famous Report, "The Hunan Peasant Movement"—included in the 1927 version, but deleted in the 1951 official edition of his *Works*—Mao notes that as a "modern" student, he had considered the peasants "stupid and hateful people." Why then, it may be asked, should these two young intellectuals have drawn upon the modest resources of the culturally alien peasants rather than upon the resources of the more materially favored and culturally congenial members of the educated and official class, or upon educated members of a religious order or understanding businessmen?

To judge from Siao's cheerful account, this is exactly what he and Mao did. Falling in with Siao's idea of making it a "begging" hike, they donned shabby clothes and contacted, whenever possible, members of just these groups. They were given money by a retired official whom they impressed with their poetry and calligraphy. They enjoyed the comfortable hospitality of the above-mentioned "half-plough, half-study" Ho family. They visited a Buddhist monastery where they shared the abbot's table and pleased the monks by writing "a few words on their fans and scrolls for them to keep as souvenirs." In the city of Anhwa they earned money by writing scrolls for several businessmen. They also approached persons living in "big houses" and owners of teashops or eating places—Marxistically speaking, "petty-bourgeois" tradesmen. Siao tells how cordially they were treated by a former *yamen* underling—that is, by a former member of a particularly greedy and disliked stratum of low government employees.

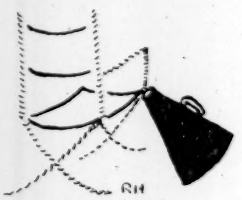
The climax of their trip was the welcome given them by a former teacher who had become a county magistrate. This powerful local official wined and dined them for three days and gave them four (Chinese) dollars when they left. This substantial gift seems to have dampened their fervor for "begging." A few days later, in a flooded area, they chose the easiest mode of transportation: they boarded a river steamer. They arrived in Changsha with more than two dollars still in their pockets. (In 1912 Mao fed himself for a whole month on that amount.)

At the beginning of their journey, the two wanderers, too lazy to use a more distant public ferry, had wheedled a free ride from a private ferryman. On returning with ample cash they could have given this "toiler" his due, and that is what Siao suggested. But Mao objected vigorously: "We have no obligation to pay him because we promised him nothing." And he concluded: ". . . that is all past and finished now. . . . There's no need to drag that matter up again." With these words "he turned and set off, walking in front of me for the first time since we had set out. He seemed so determined that I decided to let him have his own way and I followed him into the city."

This tale does not add much to Siao's moral stature. It certainly adds less to Mao's. We shall not press the issue, but we need not forget it either. In this encounter with a genuine "toiler," Mao seems to have been quite ready to get something for nothing.

A political legend is not created in a day; nor is it demolished in a day. Mao's image in all its phases is by now well doctored: his social background, his youth, his behavior during both the earliest and later periods of the Chinese Communist movement. We cannot, and we need not, puncture every detail. But it is not necessary to empty a barrel of wine to judge its quality. Verifiable data about certain incidents warn us against uncritically accepting any elements in the official Mao biographies, since they are inevitably slanted and often complete phonies. It is for this reason that we welcome Professor Siao's book as an invaluable corrective to Mao's protracted—and enormously successful—attempt to invent himself.

Movies



Another Oscar

FRANCIS RUSSELL

SHAW once remarked to Lord Alfred Douglas that Oscar Wilde's prayer to posterity should have been to read his works and leave his life alone. For Wilde ought to endure in history as the last dramatist of the great tradition that began with *The Way of the World*, extended into the next century with *The School for Scandal*, and ended like a streaking comet with *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Instead, he has persisted in the popular image as the prototype of the homosexual, familiar in sniggering joke and obscene limerick to millions who have never read a line of his or seen one of his plays. Oscar—the very name has been exorcised from baptismal registers, even as his own family rejected the surname Wilde. The general public is still more interested in his trials than in his works. Hence the play of a few years back, and hence the current pictures.

Inversion, the commonplace of contemporary literature, the familiar of the stage, is even now a touchy matter for the films, to be approached by directors in the manner of a timid bather dipping his toe into the water. Only now and in England has the attempt been made to bring Oscar Wilde to the screen—as Oscar, of course, rather than Wilde. However,

the way things move in cycles in the entertainment world, the two current films may indeed presage an Oscar cycle over here, with a television two-hour documentary to follow, and the climax of a Ford-Foundation-financed musical, *My Fair Oscar*.

Living in the province of Massachusetts, I have not been able yet to see the Technicolor Technorama version of Wilde's trials and tribulations. Even to see the black and white *Oscar Wilde* I had first to watch Floyd Patterson knock out Ingo Johansson twice—the second time in slow motion. However, once granting the initial objection to any screen version of Wilde's life, *Oscar Wilde* is a restrained and sensitive account of his career from his meeting with Bosie, Lord Alfred Douglas—pictured here as at the opening of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, though actually the two were introduced by Lionel Johnson the year before—to the dissolute emptiness of the last Paris days.

The emphasis is of course on the trial, a brilliant climax. It could scarcely be otherwise with the actual transcript as a model, Robert Morley as Oscar Wilde, and Sir Ralph Richardson as the tenacious Carson. What superb finish there is in their acting—years of apprenticeship leading to the final mastery. Having myself seen films of sorts in the making, I can rarely get beyond the invisible camera on its trolley, the electricians, the sound crews, the stand-ins, the director and his underlings, the yelp and confusion before the scene is shot for its fifth or sixth time. But to watch Richardson as the bewigged Carson moving in for the kill as Wilde's brilliance flickers out on the third day of the trial, is to forget all the paraphernalia and, for the moment, to accept the illusion of reality.

Morley in his graceful portliness bears an astonishing resemblance to the Wilde of the Beerbohm caricature. His relations with Bosie are made understandable—perhaps too understandable, for although Bosie was his evil genius, there was a basic flaw in Wilde himself that would probably have destroyed him anyhow. The undergraduate Bosie as played by the over-graduate John Neville appears more the chronic medic, in spite of his striped blazer and the elegance of his Oxford rooms, than the hothouse young man who fascinated Wilde to his ruin. And Bosie's father, the old Marquis of Queensbury (Edward Chapman) inclines more to a Bill Sykes model than to the irascible original. Phyllis Calvert as Wilde's faithful wife seems to have been inserted to weigh the balance in favor of good clean normality—and so she does. The picture begins and ends with a view of Wilde's monument in Père-Lachaise topped by Epstein's emasculated angel. Wilde's voice *outre-tombe* was not a happy thought.

However these are quibbles. If a life of Wilde has to be put on the screen—and I suppose it is inevitable—what director could do better than to engage Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson in the task? The present effort has resulted in a mature picture with few apologies needed. When it does at last reach the suburbs, where the double feature is still de rigueur, I do wish that it might be shown first and followed by a revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, instead of—as I suspect will happen—being preceded by *Heller in Pink Tights*.

The Dance

Strindberg, Ibsen, the Greeks

ERNESTINE STODELLE

To go to the ballet or modern dance nowadays is to be projected into many worlds: to look backwards into ancient Greece through the mind-eye of Martha Graham, spokesman for the new American dance: to look forward into an imaginary future through the personality-less abstractions of Georges Balanchine; or to glance amusedly around one at the topsy-turvy contemporary world "hoed down" in jazz terms by Jerome Robbins. Whereas the ballet used to be synonymous with fantasy—or, as Doris Humphrey has called it, an adolescent dream world—the dance now expresses twentieth-century views on history, astronomy, psychology, philosophy and even, occasionally, politics.

This past season, it was psychological drama that inspired the Swedish choreographer Birgit Cullberg's balletic translations of Strindberg and Ibsen for the American Ballet Theatre, and Greek tragedy that found philosophical interpretation in the dances of Martha Graham.

Miss Cullberg's staging of Strindberg's sociological drama, *Miss Julie*, was a study in character contrast, exciting as dance and theater. The action dealt with an overpowering involvement between a man and a woman at the opposite ends of a social ladder in Europe of the last century. Erik Bruhn, the Danish actor-dancer who portrayed the butler, danced with an uncanny understanding of the underling's nature. Deferential to his superiors, arrogant to his own set, scheming ruthlessly to achieve his ends when the tables were turned, the figure of Jean emerged with a clarity that justified every movement without a single spoken word. First as an imperious, and then as a humiliated Miss Julie, whose impetuous capitulation leads her to suicide, Claude Bessy, guest artist from the Paris Opéra, danced extremely well technically, but lacked the emotional texture in her characterization to balance Mr. Bruhn's forceful interpretation.

But not even Erik Bruhn could inject reality into Miss Cullberg's version of *The Lady from the Sea*. Based on a neurotic conflict in the depths of a woman's mind, Ibsen's play deals with an emotional climax that delivers its protagonist from an adolescent identification with the mysteries of the sea into an apocalyptic awareness of womanhood. The emotional line—so powerful in the play—was narrowed down to a few pantomimic gestures mixed with conventional balletic movements. Capable as they were—Lupe Serrano, who danced the title role, Glen Tetley as her husband who released her by giving her freedom of choice, and Erik Bruhn as the sailor who represented the mystical power of the sea—the dancers found it impossible to rise from the entanglement of Miss Cullberg's inadequate translation of a gripping play into the action of the dance.

Using the "free verse" and free choreographic ideas of the modern

dance, Martha Granam, whose performance with her Dance Company at the 54th Street Theatre ran concurrently with those of the American Ballet Theatre at the Metropolitan Opera House, interpreted the Greek dramatists in her customary fearless style. When dealing with the great tragedies, Miss Graham's versions distorted the dramatic line purposely, much as Picasso's portraits emphasize character through the redistribution or exaggeration of facial features. Thus, Miss Graham's conception of the role of Clytemnestra in her evening-length ballet of the same name was that of a tormented woman seeking truth and understanding of a life ruled by passion and revenge; *Night Journey,* after Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex,* was concerned with the terrifying consequences of a social misdeed; in *Alcestis,* sacrificial death symbolized by winter was resolved into the everlasting rebirth of spring. Bound to no conventional forms—not even of the plays themselves—Graham converted her dramatic material into vehicles for thinking freshly on subjects centuries old.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

KREUGER: GENIUS AND SWINDLER, by Robert Shaplen (Knopf, $4.50). In 1931, the Swiss banker Felix Somary predicted that the economic crisis would not end before the world had seen "a banking collapse in Austria and Germany, the renunciation by England of the gold standard, and the bankruptcy of Ivar Kreuger." A year later, on March 12, 1932, Kreuger, the charismatic Swedish "Match King," shot himself to death in a Paris apartment, and the match house came tumbling down—revealing, to the extreme pain of many, an airy paper empire sustained by billions of dollars' worth of imaginary assets in constant flux, via imaginary banks, among dozens of imaginary companies.

Since Kreuger shot himself, he has been the subject of perhaps a dozen books. Although this latest is a lucid, thorough treatment of the Kreuger empire, Mr. Shaplen, an organization man in spirit, a *New Yorker* writer in fact, and—when it comes to Kreuger—clearly in over his head, could not resist pondering what made Kreuger so anti-social. ("Kreuger's capacity for love," says Mr. Shaplen, straight-faced, "was blighted after the death of the Norwegian girl he had met as a student.") John Kenneth Galbraith, who wrote the introduction, finds in Kreuger a "lesson." But despite the lesson and Mr. Shaplen's implication that what Kreuger needed was a good analyst, the facts of Kreuger's grand improvisations remain as entrancing as ever. Not even Mr. Shaplen can explain away the cool, nerveless magnificence of the Kreuger who could say to a friend —when he was negotiating his last, ill-starred merger with ITT, and facing a surely fatal showdown with Sosthenes Behn's accountants —"It's fine, *but can I trust the ITT balance sheet?*" J. DIDION

THE SWORD OVER THE MANTEL, by J. Bryan, III (McGraw-Hill, $3.75). It seems impossible that there could be not just one more new book, but a new *kind* of book, about The War, but here it is. Every book is a new kind when it expresses a person, and this is Joe Bryan's own book ("The Civil War and I" is its subtitle). Mr. Bryan—who is himself a Naval Commander as well as an Air Force Colonel—writes about The War in terms of the stories, jokes and anecdotes of his own Richmond childhood and youth, when he was surrounded by grandparents, great aunts, third cousins and kissing neighbors for whom The War was not so much a still living memory as a continuing life. The stories are funny, whimsical, warm, charming and heroic; and for all their seeming inconsequence they tell us something, also, about The War that escapes the learned net of the professional historians. J. BURNHAM

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER, by Morris Janowitz (Free Press, $6.75). Mr. Janowitz is worried about our professional military men. They have power. Half of our tremendous budget is spent on or by them, for unavoidable reasons of national survival. Thus the military have become a great social force in America, creating a danger to "the traditional goals of democratic political control." The result, Mr. Janowitz feels, could even be a "garrison state." In this "social and political portrait" of our soldiers, the author is attempting more than a discussion of this serious and real problem. He is addressing himself to the soldiers; his presentation of their past is not so much history as it is an argument designed to influence their future. So, when he belittles the generally conservative influences that have shaped them—and laments their lack of leftward orientation (which only means, you see, that our soldiers are "lagging behind" the rest of us)—one can get some idea of his hopes for the future. He would have tame soldiers, a "constabulary force" which would make retreat certain; for he justly fears that old-fashioned soldiers are dangerously patriotic. J. P. MCFADDEN

CITIZEN ABROAD, by Eben Neal Baty (Viking, $3.50). America is on the decline, and the world realizes it, says this self-styled "indignant businessman." The author, a minor-league John Kenneth Galbraith, tells us the responsibility lies with an apathetic populace accustomed to color television, fin-tailed cars and the other manifestations of an affluent society. The demons are all here: "The firm of McCarthy, McCarran, Walter, Mundt and Nixon," "pulpit-pounding John Foster Dulles, shallow, self-seeking William Jenner." Salvation (the avoidance of nuclear war), he concludes, is possible only if we "learn from the Russians," decide upon national goals, and find the path to coexistence. A cliché-ridden, snore-provoking global travelogue. Miss it if you can. W. SCHULZ

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To the Editor

Should Conservatives Support Nixon?

In withdrawing his name from nomination as a GOP Presidential candidate, "Mr. Conservative" [Senator Goldwater] took advantage of the mass communication media at the occasion to give his fellow conservatives some sound and reasoned advice. . . .

If conservatives in the coming months succeed in alienating Nixon through a campaign of dissension and criticism, the results will spell sheer disaster: not only will Senator Kennedy be strengthened (and with him the forces which would appease international Communism) but the anti-Communist cause may lose one of its most powerful leaders. (It can be demonstrably proved that Nixon—despite his deviations on some key conservative-Liberal struggles—is one of the most active anti-Communists in a position to influence policy today.)

Let us heed Senator Goldwater's words of wisdom: the alternative to the victory of Nixon in November is much too horrible to envision even at this late date.

New York City DOUGLAS CADDY

Conservatives should not let themselves be led by the nose by Goldwater in this matter of supporting Nixon. Goldwater is a fine man, but he is also a politician and one with a heavy investment of time, money and energy in the Republican Party. He must support it at all costs—just as Rockefeller must.

But conservatives who look at the facts without wearing partisan glasses should realize that Nixon, like Kennedy, is wedded to a concept of Khrushchev and of Communism that will prove quite literally fatal to this country unless it is abandoned soon. One short and disastrous year ago, Nixon was arguing that Khrushchev should be brought to America, showered with confetti and escorted around the country on the supposedly reasonable chance that the visit might diminish his "misconceptions" about us.

But it wasn't Khrushchev who had the misconceptions—it was Nixon, and he has them still. No man is required to vote for his own demise, and I shall not vote for either Kennedy or Nixon. My abstention will be a vote for survival.

Ames, Iowa JOHN L. FORWIN

. . . I believe that the Chicago convention projected the strongest conservatism in years and that Richard Nixon can build an organization where that force dominates. As for the expedient Nixon-Rockefeller tryst . . . I wonder how anyone can conceive a Presidential victory without full cooperation from New York these days?

I am sure that Senator Robert Taft would be sympathetically backing Nixon to the hilt, remembering that he told friends who felt he was going soft that all his life he had fought the welfare state, was convinced that the country wanted it and it was his duty to put a fence around it. Nixon has proved often that he could be a strong fence and develop a party which could restore sanity eventually. So, please climb down from the ivory perch—we need this dynamic realist. Besides, he reads.

Brooklyn, N.Y. PATRICIA MCDONOUGH

. . . I'm ready for a write-in vote and I think your publication is in a good position to lead the way. Why not join forces under a single banner such as Goldwater-Byrd and form the nucleus of a protest vote? Obviously the vote-pulling power of this ticket would not be earth-shaking, but over the years it might be built to a size that the Welfare Party would have to take into account. To my way of thinking, this job has to be done sometime—so why not begin in 1960?

I realize such a move would hurt Nixon more than Kennedy, but how good are Nixon's chances even if he gets every vote in the conservative bloc? When you engage in a giveaway race with the Democrats you're up against big leaguers, and as Dizzy Dean puts it, "you've got two chances—very little and none."

Snyder, N.Y. E. C. MCCARTHY

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It is difficult to understand your willingness to compromise the whole anti-Communist struggle for the sake of such far-from-crucial domestic issues as aid to education and health insurance for the aged. If the day should ever come when this country, under the direction of Stevenson and Bowles, proceeds to recognize Red China, disarm without controls, dismantle foreign bases, etc., I trust that the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW will be ready to bear their share of the guilt for our national suicide.

Long Island City, N.Y. CATHERINE WILLIS

Du calme, Madame. NATIONAL REVIEW *has no wish to die. If there is a death-wish in the air, it blows not from these quarters. There are several ways of looking at the Nixon-Kennedy contest, and we deem it wise to ventilate them all before arriving at an editorial position—which* NATIONAL REVIEW *has yet to do. Meanwhile, we urge patience all around. We assume the authors of all the communications published above are equally interested in the survival of freedom. We shall do our best to contribute soberly and responsibly to the discussion in the weeks ahead.* ED.

Communism in China

Having been a subscriber and reader of NATIONAL REVIEW since its founding, I found your reference to me on page 42 of your issue of July 30 of interest.

You say that my reports to Washington in 1944 and my book, *Soviet Asia Mission* (published in 1946), did much to ease the path of Communist victory in China. You say that Andrew Steiger wrote my book on Soviet Asia and that this fact was revealed in 1956.

First let me say that on June 28, 1944, in a cable to Roosevelt I recomended General Wedemeyer as liaison between him and the Generalissimo.

Second, in very large type on the fly leaf of my book it is stated that the book was written in collaboration with Andrew Steiger. Steiger had been sent to me by a Texas newspaperman as a person who had traveled extensively in Soviet Asia, who had written a book on Soviet Asia and who had been a correspondent for U.S. newspapers. To this day I have no knowledge that Steiger had been or is a Communist. I have not seen him for fourteen years.

The book *Soviet Asia Mission* is largely a travelogue and deals chiefly with spots visited in Soviet Asia in 1944, with heavy emphasis on agriculture. Insofar as there are direct quotations from my diary, the book is naturally under the influence of the grand alliance when England, Russia and the U.S. were fighting a desperate battle against Germany and Japan.

While I realized the possibility of a Communist take-over in 1944, I did all I could to save Chiang by recommending Wedemeyer as liaison as well as recommending reforms based on Chinese personalities who later occupied a high position with Chiang in Formosa.

South Salem, N.Y. HENRY A. WALLACE

We refer Mr. Wallace to the investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations, in which Mr. Steiger is identified as a widely-known Communist by several persons. "Mr. Steiger," the Report notes, "was writing orthodox Communist articles for the Daily Worker *as early as 1934." Over a number of years, the Report concludes, he was "involved in subversive activity."* ED.

Communists—Still Doctrinaire?

The opening sentence of Stefan Possony's book review in NATIONAL REVIEW [August 13], and the rest of the paragraph which develops it, are rather startling from so generally sound a student of Communism. He writes: "In 1938, subsequent to the extermination of the old Bolsheviks, the teaching of Marxism-Leninism was all but abandoned within the Russian Communist Party."

This statement cannot be substantiated. The interpretation of Soviet reality it implies, however, is easily congenial to the prevalent American pragmatism, but dangerous when projected upon a deeply committed enemy: "theory" means nothing to "practical" political realists. That is, Communists have lost their "souls"; they do not believe the core of their doctrine; all they have left is a pragmatic "doctrine of conflict."

Experience with any part of the world-wide Communist movement flatly contradicts this wishful thinking, and the study of Communist documents the world over, *directed to Communist Party members*, yields no comfort either.

Woodstock, N.Y. FRANK S. MEYER

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